THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1831, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 62. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY JULY 22, 1882. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 1.

AT PARTING.

BY MINNIE I. PAYNE.

To say farewell. What sadness from it springs.
With clasp regretful cling I to the hand
Of friend well loved, and that the tender band,
Its links of flowers,—blossoms of all sweet things—
Must now be riven. Earth such chance-fate brings,
Who knows, now we have parted, Time's falling sand
Will ever mark the hour when we may stand
Again united? Farewell! Its accent rings
With sound of heart-throb beating low and dull
Against some desolate chamber of the soul,
Where ghosts must henceforth tread—ghosts of past days—
Mem'ries—hard tho' better to forget—bright ways
We once did walk, warm airs and sunset skies,
And smiles of those too late we learned to prize!

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

PERCHED upon a rock midway up the cliff, where one would think that scarce a bird could stand without being giddy, there sat a child-girl of some sixteen summers.

And down from this high rock there fell a shower of rarest music, as out over the surging sea there rolled the full sweet tones of a voice of wondrous power and compass.

Up here, in this unapproachable solitude, she was not afraid to sing; so she tried her voice against the beating waves, and listened in delight as the rich notes swelled above the dash of the tide, or mingled with the softer sound of the retreating wave.

The glorious sea, spread out in dazzling beauty far as the eye could reach, the grand ruggedness, the sublime solitude around her, all inspired the child; and her song took a new shape even to her own heart, and breathed forth the utterings of her imprisoned genius.

Above all, it was the sense of safety in this inaccessible spot, the knowledge that here she was secure from angry eye and scolding tongue—it was this which freed the child from the trammels that lay heavy on her soul, and caused it to break forth in a brief song of rejoicing.

She could not have put into words the strange solemn joy she felt in the beauty around her, but her voice expressed it as she sang one of those old weird ballads which speak the language of the hills in those sea-girt lands where poetry still lingers.

Down beneath her feet the flocks of sanderlings whirled to and fro, showing silver wings to the bright sun, or the turnstone that stood upon a little rock, tapping in with prying beak, and farther out at sea the cormorant swam and dived, while the gulls, like flocks of snow, seemed to let the soft wind waft them where it would.

A long curved line of fleecy surf swept the shore, making music on the enamelled rocks; and beyond this stretched the illimitable sea, divinely blue, its solitude untouched by sail, its calm unspotted by cloud or shadow.

And this vision of beauty found an answering vision in the child's soul. The voices that rose from rock and shore, from sounding wave and sea-bird's cry, all awoke an echo in her spirit which broke forth in her wild song.

Rapt in this fair vision of sea and sky, which opened heaven to her view, she forgot the earth and all its cares.

It lay behind her, just out of sight for one little hour of blessed freedom.

So her spirit, having broken its shackles, rejoiced, and song after song, born among the shadows of the hills, the only utterance left of people dead and gone a thousand years, sang down the wild shore, catching the echoes which slept in lone sea-caves, and wafting them away over the blue waters, like the spirit-voices of those forgotten bards whose hands had first swept the harp to these said ancient strains.

Above the maiden's head, beyond her, unregarding her, there stood a village as full of worry and weariness, strife and care, petty malice and small charity, as any tiny human hive could be.

Just now at eventide it wore perhaps its most uninviting aspect.

Mindful of feeding-time, unsavory pigs came straggling down the narrow hilly street; fishwives sat at cottage doors cleaning pilchards for salting, arms and hands unsightly with offal and scales; prowling cats stood expectantly near by; here and there some chubby child, prone on the dusty road, cried aloud its little woes.

The day had been hot and fiery; the sun was on the wane, and soon from blazing across the sky it would blaze athwart the reddened sea.

But it had not yet come to this cooling time; its western rays were burning now on the bowed heads of working men and women, rousing tired tempers into glowing heat.

"Have any of ye seen that grandchild of mine?" asked a tall bony woman, emerging from her cottage door with anger in her fierce black eyes.

"I saw her an hour or two agone," said a young woman who had caught a crying child in her arms, and was now wiping its smeared face with her apron.

"She went down to the sea," cried a little piping voice; "and she's where you can't get at her grannie—there now!"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you young urchin!" retorted the angry woman. "I'm no granny of yours. And there isn't any place round here that I can't fetch my grandchild from."

"Oh, but there is, although! Your arms, long though they be, can't stretch fifty feet over cliff, can they?" And, so saying, the grinning urchin danced before her, eluding her grasp skilfully as she clutched at him with hands that looked as if they could strike a blow by no means to be despised.

"What does the young tyrant say?" demanded Grannie Lanyon of the gazing bystanders

"I say she's on the cliff," cried the boy; "and she've clambered up, up—oh, ever so high. She don't look bigger nor a bird where she's sitting; and she's singing like a bird too."

"Did you ever hear tell of such idleness?" said old Mrs. Lanyon, turning for sympathy to the woman nearest her. "What's to be done with such a child? Moaning round the house in a dream whilst as a changeling, or singing out o' doors like a pixy! She's of no mortal use in the world."

"What can ye expect of her?" asked an old man who had joined the group of listeners, "Don't she come of an outlandish race? Them that consort with furriners must look for a furrin breed." And, shouldering his scythe, he walked off with the air of a man who had uttered an irrefragable truth.

"There's no gainsaying that," remarked the women to each other. "It all comes of her havage [lineage]; she can't help her whilst ways. You must put up with her, Mrs. Lanyon."

"Not for much longer I shan't. I shall shut the door on her soon, I reckon; and let her look then to her own hands for her living."

The fierce voice in which the old woman uttered this had an effect upon the bystanders.

They glanced at each other and went back to their work, leaving her alone in her wrath.

With a hard look upon her face, she gazed up and down the village street, then went into her house, and upstairs to the tiny room that was called her granddaughter's. Here she peered around, as if in search of some object on which to wreak her anger. She was not long in finding it. She opened an oaken carved chest, and took thence a case containing a violin.

As she laid her rugged hand upon it, her face hardened, her lips grew rigid, and her eyes gleamed with the hatred one might feel towards a living thing.

"I have spared this long enough. It shall go into the fire now before her eyes. Haven't I cause to hate the sound of the squealing thing?

"I remember when it was saved from the wreck, and this poor furrin creetur, her father, cried over it.

"He was the first and last man I ever see cry over a fiddle."

Carrying the violin, she walked downstairs again, on fire with malice, her eyes lighted by a wicked glee.

She had devised a punishment for her granddaughter far worse than the blows, and she knew it.

To herself she was justified; in her own mind she had cause for a long smouldering anger.

Some twenty years ago before this time, a bark, sailing from Brittany, had been wrecked on the great rocks—hidden so smoothly now beneath the summer sea—which lay treacherously at the mouth of the forth or little harbor by which the village lay.

The crew were saved, and with them a passenger—an Italian, of whom they knew nothing, except that he seemed too poor to travel by a better vessel or take a berth in a steamer, so he had chosen this rough way to reach England.

Elizabeth Lanyon had no insight into politics; the state of Italy was not so interesting to her as the state of her own little plot of cabbages—hence she had no knowledge of the wrongs of exiles, and her sympathy with them was small.

Still, at that time of her life, not having yet grown bitter, she could feel for a sick man; so, when the wretched foreigner was brought to the door, senseless and worn with fever—for he had escaped from long imprisonment, torture, and the terror of death—she took him in and nursed him back to life.

He repaid her by music, and falling in love with her only child, a girl bright as a bee and fresh as a morning rose-bud.

The widow laughed at his broken English, and never fancied it could have a charm for her daughter.

She forgot that love has a universal language, and she thought little of the man's wonderful beauty.

He was a foreigner, how could a foreigner be handsome?

He was a creature to be treated only with pity, and a sort of compassion that he happened to be born out of England and could speak only a kind of gibberish.

It was two or three months before the stranger recovered from his weakness, and could write letters, or show an interest in the outside world.

Perhaps by this time his passion for Phœbe Lanyon had grown too strong to permit him to act as he might have done if it had not existed.

At all events, he made no effort to get acquainted with better people than those about him; he remained the poor lodger of a poor widow.

His remittances were but scanty, but he paid scrupulously for his board and lodging and seemed contented with his violin and freedom, light and air—so long perhaps denied him—till stirring news came from Italy, and letters, in crabbed writing, puzzling the village postmaster, began to arrive in showers.

Then he grew restless, excited, impatient; and, when Mrs. Lanyon arose one morning, she found her house left to her—desolate.

He was gone, and Phœbe had gone with him!

A blurred and blotted letter from the girl told all the story.

"I could not let him go alone," she wrote. "I love him better than my life. And he is going to danger, and perhaps death. I was married to him a month ago at the Catholic Chapel at Falmouth; for I too am of his religion now, but I dared not own it to you."

Who can depict what the passionate bereaved mother felt when she read this letter? The sense of treachery, ingratitude, and wrong, the agony of loss, all pressed upon her soul in an avalanche of woe which was too heavy for words to break through.

Then too, in her ignorance, things took an aspect to her even uglier than the truth. There was Popery in this wickedness; and this word for her had meanings and shapes of evil all the more horrible because shadowy and undefined.

A Papist marriage! What was it worth? It could only mean that her daughter was lost, body and soul.

She could not face the thought, or speak it out, so she held her peace over this Papist marriage, and suffered in silence the condolences and questioning of her Methodist friends.

But gradually she withdrew herself from the village chapel, and was seen no more at prayer and class-meeting.

For this she was reckoned a backslider and an outcast; but she had a sort of grim comfort in feeling that the blackest fact against Phœbe—her apostasy—was a secret still.

No one should wring the terrible truth out of her.

At the little Salem on the hill they should not preach and pray over Phœbe's wickedness and bemoan her lost state.

And who could tell, among so many religions, whether one was not as good as another?

As for her, she would leave religion alone, since one sect was so fond of condemning the others.

Thus out of the daughter's cruelty grew the hardening of the mother's heart and the overthrow of her simple faith, without which she drifted into evil.

As for Phœbe, she suffered for her wrongdoing, as all must suffer, and death came to her early.

Fourteen years after the date of her sad disappearance, a spinster lady, keeping a poor school at Clapham, wrote to Mrs. Lanyon, saying that she had just discovered her address, and had now sent her granddaughter to her by the cheapest mode—namely, the steam-packet running to Falmouth.

The child had been with her for many months, and her schooling had not been paid, and she could afford to keep her no longer.

She feared her father had forgotten her or forsaken her, unless he was in prison again in Italy for his plots; and the mother was dead.

The child was in mourning for her when first placed at her school.

Thus Grace came to her grandmother—a little foreign creature of strange aspect, full of untold thoughts and dim memories and bitter musings, and silent as the shadow of a great hill.

From the cold pinching meanness and contumely of a school, where she was unpaid for and had suffered a hard charity, she

came to bear the hatred of an embittered woman.

For years Elizabeth Lanyon had nursed the hope of seeing her daughter again, and now this hope was dead, and in her place she had this little dumb creature, scarce speaking her mother-tongue like a Christian and showing in every look and gesture that she was his child—the child of the cruel traitor who had wronged and robbed her, and let her child die without sending a word to her mother.

She did not know how she had clung to hope, till she looked on Grace's face and saw her father's in it, and beheld in her the living witness of her daughter's sin and pain and death.

The fierce old woman's long-smothered anguish and anger took an active and vindictive shape now; and she felt a cruel joy in thinking that she had it 'n her power to wreak her vengeance on his child.

Had there been the least likeness to her lost daughter in the small, wan childish face, she might have relented; but there was none; and so there was room only for bitterness in all her dealings with her. And had she not reason? What, was she to be forgotten and forsaken for years, treated with silent contumely and contempt, and then, when it pleased him, was she to have his child foisted on her to suit his cruel convenience? No, no; she would show him a mother's heart could not be trodden underfoot for years without a terrible hate growing out of it, which would one day sting him to the quick.

Thus her mind worked; and the seething misery of it could break out palpably enough in deeds.

And in the midst of this hardness the child grew, and lived her own life, and fled often from her angry face to the sea-caves, the high cliffs, or the depths of some wild wood.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was one love still potent in Mrs. Lanyon's heart, the love of money. She had never been amongst the very poor for she had a little land of her own, which she farmed skilfully; but what her profits were from this she kept to herself. The pinching and saving, the toil and hardships she endured to spare her money proved the hold that avarice had gained upon her soul.

Gradually, as she forgot the thoughts of youth and all other love had forsaken her, this love of money grew and grew till it held her spirit in its clutch, and there seemed to be no life left in her mummy frame but miserliness.

Nothing so roused her ire against her grandchild as the wilful way in which the girl fretted her miserly nature by some small act which she looked on as a malicious waste.

Thus it happened this evening that, when Grace came in timidly, conscious of her idle delinquency in her daring escape for an hour into the music and dreams, she bore in her arms a little kitten, for whose behoof she poured a few drops of milk into a saucer.

Mrs. Lanyon looked at her in amazement; two sharp rays, small as pins, began to glow in her black eyes.

"What are you doing?" she cried. "Do you want to drive me into the workhouse?"

"The poor creature is so hungry, dear grannie!"

The clear enunciation, the sweet tone with its touch of foreign accent, contrasted strangely with the girl's surroundings and with the uncultured voice of her grandmother.

"Hungry! Then let her catch mice. Of what use is a cat if she isn't a mouser?" And, saying this, she caught up the little creature and flung her through the open door into the garden. "There are others that will soon follow," she continued grimly. "I'll keep no useless mouths here. No victuals of mine shall be wasted on any idle critter living, either four-footed or two-handed. You bear that in mind!"

The girl flushed a little then grew pale, but did not answer by a word.

She turned away, and, kneeling down, began to replenish the fire on the hearth by a small piece of turf; it was a device perhaps to hide her face.

But again she offended, and by this innocent act filled up the measure of her sins. Mrs. Lanyon rushed towards her and pushed her aside roughly with a hard hand.

"Hasn't it been hot enough for you to-day to sit out singing to the winds like a crazed Molly? Then why should you waste turf now to warm your idle bones? If you had any shame or honesty in you, you would go and earn your own living, and not eat the bread of a poor woman who has little enough of her own."

"What can I do, grandmother?" asked the girl, holding out her small trembling hands towards her piteously.

"Do? Why, anything! Dig, beg, work, or be a servant. I am sick of the sight of your laziness."

"I am not lazy," retorted the girl indignantly. "And I would go—oh, to the world's end to find some way to live rather than stay here, and you hating me!"

"Go then!" said the hard old woman. "There's the door, and you are welcome to the outside of it. I've told you that times enough; but you don't move—not you!"

The cruel taunting way in which she spoke might have moved a stone into angry life; it made the small resolute face of her granddaughter grow strangely white.

"Are you in earnest?" she asked, her voice very low and quiet.

"Ay, earnest enough. There's the door," repeated the old woman, pointing to it with bony finger, "and I shall be glad to shut it on you this night once and for ever."

The whiteness on the girl's face vanished before a deep swift flush; she held out her clasped hands imploringly.

"You cannot mean it, grandmother—you cannot! You cannot want to thrust me out into the road. I am very young."

"You are not too young to be idle and wasteful. Now listen! You'll go outside that door this night unless you promise on your knees that you'll never go singing again to the winds like a natural."

"I'll try, grandmother. Oh, I'll try very, very hard not to sing!"

"That's no promise; and singing isn't all. You are never to touch this thing again." And, as she spoke, she caught up an old shawl beneath which she had hidden it, and displayed the violin.

At sight of it Grace's eyes gathered a strange fire, her lips grew firm and set.

"I cannot promise that. My father bade me never to leave off playing—never to forget his violin. It was all he had to give me when he went away."

Her eyes, fixed eagerly on the violin, softened and grew shadowy with tears, her lips began to quiver.

"Your father!" cried the old woman, fiercely rising now in wrath. "Is it right you should obey the poor coward who left you in London to starve? I'll have to talk of your father here. I've suffered too much through him to have any orders of his thrust upon me. I'm going to put this thing in the fire and see it burn. I'll have no more wasting of time in my house upon fiddles!"

With eager hands she tore the violin from its case and flung it upon the turf, little guessing ignorant miser that she was, its almost priceless value, for it was one of the rarest of the rare—a genuine Stradivarius. Fortunately there was small heat left in the heap of ashes on the hearth, and Grace darting forward like a bird, caught the violin from its perilous place and held it tightly against her bosom, with a cry of mingled anger and joy.

"Do you dare withstand me?" cried her grandmother. "I declare the idle ugly thing shall burn, or you and it leave my house together!"

"It shall not burn," said Grace resolutely.

There was something on her face that daunted the fierce old woman. She stopped in her stride towards her, and her cruel hands fell down by her side.

"Then, if it does not burn, I'll shut my door on you before I go to bed this night. Put it in the fire or go up stairs and fetch your bundle down and tramp. It isn't much," she added, with a bitter sneer, "that you'll have to carry of your father's giving except his ghastly auld fiddle!"

Grace looked at her with a wild white stare, then looked at the violin which she was holding so closely to her heart, and for one second her clasp relaxed; then it tightened, and she went slowly up-stairs as she was bidden.

The old woman gazed after her with something passing on her face that was not pity, nor yet relenting, but the mere shadow of these, as they came and tried to touch her.

"Why shouldn't I let her go?" she mumbled, expostulating with her better angel. "She's young and able to work; and I'm old, and scarce know how to find bread for myself without pinching and pinching till my bones ache with the care of it. As for the fiddle, it ought to be burnt; there's a devil in it, or it never would speak such language as it does when her idle white fingers run over it. Ah, yes, I'm right about the fiddle! Playing, playing, when she should be working—it fills her up with laziness. Let her choose—fire for the fiddle and bread for herself, or let the fiddle earn her bread—that's what I say."

The idea of this struck her as so ludicrous that it made her chuckle, and brought back her hard self-satisfaction.

In a few minutes her grandchild reappeared, carrying a shawl tied at the corners which held all her belongings, and wearing on her head one of those odd gingham bonnets shaped like a tunnel, at the end of which her delicate face looked curiously small and pitifully pale.

Mrs. Lanyon was kneeling before the hearth, blowing at the turf embers, and took no heed of her till a timid hand touched her shoulder.

She shook it off and blew at the failing fire with a fiercer breath.

"Grandmother, I'm going. Won't you say good-bye? You are old; I may never see you again."

"I'm waiting to shut the door on you. I shan't waste my breath on good-byes; if I'm old, I'd better save it. But those who think to feast at my funeral may find I've as much life as they."

"I did not mean my words that way. I have not the English like yours," Grace answered.

This speech brought her father back to Mrs. Lanyon by one word-touch, and she turned on her a face working with such fury and anguish that the child fled before it. She was too dazed for thought or reflection; and, after one heavy sigh, she stole away silently into the darkening twilight. She was so slender and light, and she went with such a soft step, that the grim old woman, blowing again at the dying flame, was unaware of her departure.

"I'm waiting to shut the door, I say!" she repeated in a louder key.

There was no reply.

Then she looked around and saw a blank where the lithe figure of her grandchild had stood, and the room was very empty.

Through the open door came the whispers of the autumn wind, a few yellow leaves rustled upon the sill like the light flutter of a vanishing garment.

A curious quiver crept upon the old woman's flesh; but she shook it off; and, going to the door, he peered out upon the night and saw the faint stars shining in the pale green and amber of the sky, and the shadows of clouds lying dark on the distant hills.

But there was no figure visible in the long straggling garden or beyond on the bleak moor, where the purple heath was dying into brown and the golden glory of the gorse was fading into dust.

She might have closed her door upon emptiness; but she did not. She went back to her dim fire leaving it open.

Then, after a breath or two spent upon the reddening turf, she rose, passed through the room, and went to another door opening upon the village street.

Up and down its blank length her gaze fell eagerly; but the figure her eyes sought was not there.

Half defiantly, she stood a full minute at the door, giving no one a greeting and doubting her eyesight; then she went back to her kitchen and her hearth, sinking upon her knees again, hastening to draw a flame out of the now dead turf, not owning to herself that she was remorseful.

"Who'd have thought she'd have held on to an auld fiddle like that?" she murmured; and then, with a start, turning wistfully, she gazed out through the open window.

But the fire died down and the night fell, and the wind rose, bringing the yellow leaves fluttering to her feet; yet no young figure came flitting across her threshold, no piteous sobbing voice such as she had dreamed of wailed out of the darkness a prayer to be allowed again to eat the bread of bitterness.

At last, with one half-scared look into the the night, the old woman closed her door against the wind, mumbling angrily—

"Ah, well one gets used to creatures and things—even a cat that isn't a mouser, or a thankless grandchild who wishes one dead and covets the bit of money the hard years have left me! But I've given her a lesson; it will do her good; she'll be back in the morning, all the meeker for her bed on the ground and her meal of sky and air. And no more fiddling then! No, I won't give in! The fiddle shall burn!"

She clenched her fist, and shook it at the empty case lying forlornly on the floor; then she and her dim candle flitted away from the room, and soon all was darkness in the cottage.

CHAPTER III.

THREE miles away upon the darkening road a slight solitary figure sat down by the wayside to rest.

She was not weeping, neither was she weary; but over her aspect there was a something desolate, which might have spoken to the heart of a passer-by had human eyes been there to see her young forlornness.

But no sound of step broke the stillness of the coming night; the road unrolled itself before her view, empty of all things except the narrow shadow of the hedge, which stretched out gloomily—a long strip of darkness through which her way ran.

She rose soon, and changed her little bundle from one hand to the other; as she did this, her eye fell on the white glimmer of a milestone standing close by in the moon's rays. Stooping, she read the words graven on the granite—

"To London, 268 Miles."

It was like the touch of a fairy wand. Her heart gave a great bound; all her thoughts ran suddenly into a bright channel of hope, her eyes shone with a rush of light.

"I will go to London," she said aloud, in an awed voice. "It is like a hand pointing the way. Others have gone and found fortune; why should not I?"

For a moment she stood still, giving way to the dreams that beckoned, the hope that smiled; and the hard necessity of working with her hands for her bread became only a pastime and a joy.

As she stood thus, looking up, with her eyes so full of light that they seemed to hold the glimmer of the stars, there fell upon her ear the quick thud, thud of a horse trotting on the hard road.

She shrank against the hedge to let it pass standing a little behind the granite milestone, with her hand resting on it.

Thus her figure first caught the eye of the coming horseman; and, started, he broke his horse's pace from a sharp trot into a walk.

In a moment more her slight form shaped itself out of the gloom from its phantom look into a natural one; and the traveller, half smiling, drew near and spoke.

"Have you found anything on the road?" he said.

"I have found nothing, sir."

His quick ear caught a sweet accent in her voice, a something rare and strange which beguiled and charmed.

"Do you live near here?" he asked.

"I live nowhere, sir."

"That's an odd address," said the gentleman, leaning forward to get a nearer view of the slight figure, half in twilight, half in gloom, who in such a small sweet bone-voice told him she lived nowhere.

Then, as she turned towards him, he saw at the end of the long tunnel-bonnet a fair, calm child-face, not frightened or shy, but gazing at him trustfully with innocent eyes and lips a little parted, not in fear, but in a sort of happy wonder.

He straightened himself on his horse again and his hand tightened on the reins.

"I wish you had found what I have lost," he said; "I should be sure then to have it again. Now, I fear, I must look on as gone for ever."

"I hope not, if it is dear and beautiful for you," she said, unconsciously un-English in her idiom, as she looked up into his face with sympathetic steadfast eyes that met his gaze without a quiver or a single shadow falling on their innocence.

Again he felt that little touch of interest that a moment before had stayed his hand upon the rein.

"Well, yes, I value it," he answered, smiling. "It is a ring. I drew off my glove just here by the milestone, and then it must have slipped from my finger; but I did not miss it till I had gone a mile or more, and then I rode back on a hopeless quest."

"Quest?" she repeated, as if wondering at the word. "Ah, yes, search! But you have not looked yet, sir. If you like, I will help you to quest for it."

"I suppose the Cornish like the Welsh, speak broken English now and then," said the gentleman to himself, as, leaning his hand on his saddle, he let his eyes rest on her curiously. "Will you help me?" he said. "It is a forlorn hope, though, I am certain."

Dismounting as he spoke, he slipped the bridle of his horse over the low branch of a tree, and stood for a moment smiling down upon the small, earnest, quaint figure regarding him so gravely.

"Was it just here you stood, sir, when you had drawn your glove from the hand?"

"Yes, I think so," he answered, pausing between his words, and keeping his eyes still fixed on the grave young face shining dimly at the end of the big bonnet.

"Then we will find it soon," she said. "There is enough of light to search by, and to find a shining thing like gold."

"But the ring is no gold," said the gentleman.

She was down on her knees on the short herbage, searching along the roadside. The bonnet made her face invisible; he thought it an odious head-gear.

"But, if it is diamond or some other stone of glitter, we shall see it all the easier," she answered.

The gentleman laughed.

"It is no question of diamonds or of gems," he said. "The ring is not worth fifty cents except as a curiosity, and I should not have troubled myself to ride back to search for it if—if there had not been a story, or, in fact, a superstition attached to it."

"A story!"—and she looked up eagerly, as longing to hear more. But he did not care to make explanations.

A little silence fell between them.

A solemn white owl, from a tree near by, flung an ugly screech into it—a solitary eerie cry, which ceased as suddenly as it came.

Somehow it threw an awe upon the night stillness, and the girl rose to her feet.

"It grows darker," she said. "I cannot find your ring; and you do not seek for it yourself."

"No; but I will look now."

And, with the ghost of some wistful memory touching his face, he began to search slowly, as though some new thought or fresh earnestness had seized him.

All along the road and among the tangled grasses and wild flowers by the wayside, he sought curiously and vainly, a vexed, anxious look upon his brow.

In this search she was sometimes near, but oftener afar, a dim figure bathed in twilight, with quiet face shining bright and pure.

The long, clear amber light, lying low in the sky, threw a soft glow upon the road; one might have seen still to pick up a pin or read a ballad.

At times his eyes quitted the ground and watched his companion with an amused yet thoughtful smile.

It would seem that he was half vexed with himself, and the scene to him had a phrase not existent to her, just as the superstitious sense of loss which caused this search had, too, its ludicrous side.

At last he sprang up, calling out that he had lost patience, and was tired.

"I know it was a forlorn hope," he said; "the bauble is gone for ever. I hope it has rolled into a snake-hole and will choke a few of those reptiles."

He spoke in an odd tone, half jest, half anger.

Evidently the loss of the ring had vexed him more than he cared to own.

He turned to Grace, whose patient gaze came up through the big bonnet, touching the face with her own forlornness.

"And now, as you have helped me, I think I may ask if I can help you. Where are you going alone so late?"

"I am going to London, sir."

"But you are some miles from a station and there is no train till the morning."

"I was not thinking of trains; I have no money for that. I am going to walk."

His hand was on the bridle his foot in the stirrup, as she said this, but he did not mount; he stayed both foot and hand in amused surprise.

"Walk to London? It is impossible! Come, you have helped me; let me do something for you. I owe you five dollars for going down in the dust to search for my worthless ring."

"You owe me nothing," she said decidedly, drawing herself back.

"You are too scrupulous. I would give fifty dollars to any one who found my ring. Why should I not give you five dollars for looking for it?"

"I cannot take it, sir. No, indeed—no."

She put her hands resolutely beneath her little shawl; and her child-face wore such a distressed, grave aspect that he withdrew the proffered coin, half in vexation, half in pleased respect at her decision.

"And do you mean that I am to ride away and leave you here alone trudging onwards through the night to the City of Destruc-

tion? Having still a conscience left me, I can't do that."

His words wore the air of an enigma to her; but she met his look in her grave, earnest way, saying—

"I shall be very thankful for your company, if you travel the same road that I go."

"To the City of Destruction?" he answered, smiling. "Very well, then; we will walk on together."

He flung the bridle over his arm, and then went up the tree-shadowed road for a little space in silence.

She was so grave, so quaintly serious, so oddly trustful—in a word, so innocent—that he could only hold his peace and wonder at her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

By the Lake.

BY LEAH NORRIS.

"WHAT!" said Mrs. Haven, almost in a shriek.

"It's true," said her husband. "They're coming to visit us—every one of 'em! My sister Caroline, because the Scarborough hotels are too intolerably hot for endurance; cousin Herbert Haller, because he is an esthete, and wants to study nature from a level hitherto untrodden; Mrs. Johnson, because the children don't get well after the whooping-cough; aunt Sadie, on account of a difficulty with her landlady on the subject of poodle dogs; and uncle Jenks, because he never has visited us, and wants to know what my wife is like."

"Dear me," faintly gasped Mary Haven, looking around her pretty sitting-room, draped in pink chints, fragrant with fresh flowers, and decorated with gilt bird-cages, water-color sketches and Kensington embroidery; "what am I to do?"

"Do?" repeated her husband, who was intent on clipping off the end of his cigar, so that it should "draw" satisfactorily. "There is but one thing to do—let 'em come."

"All at once?"

"Yes, all at once."

"And I with only one girl, and the thermometer at ninety in the shade, and the painters in possession of the second story," hysterically cried the lady.

"Couldn't be a better combination of circumstances, my dear," said Mr. Haven.

"I don't believe these people care a straw about seeing me," said Mrs. Haven, ready to burst into tears.

"Neither do I," said her husband.

"It's only on account of their convenience, the hot weather, and the high prices at the hotels," added Mrs. Haven. "Hugh, I've a great mind to commit suicide."

"Don't do that, my dear," said Mr. Haven. "I can suggest a better plan. I was just thinking, do you know——"

"Of telegraphing to the city for a new force of servants, a box of provisions from Fortnum & Mason's, half-a-dozen cots, with hair mattresses and bedding to match?" eagerly interrupted the lady.

"Nothing of the sort," said Mr. Haven serenely eyeing the distant landscape through the amethyst rays of cigar-smoke. "Of—moving."

"Moving, Hugh?"

"To the little cottage by the lake," Mr. Haven explained.

"Only for a few days, merely on account of the repairs at the house.

"Paint upsets my digestion, and the sound of a carpenter's hammer sets my teeth on edge.

"Besides, Hodge, the contractor, can work a good deal faster if we're all out of the way."

"But, Hugh, the cottage is nothing on earth but a camping-out place, with board floors, and not a particle of plaster or paint about it," remonstrated Mary.

"What of that, my love?" said the imperturbable husband.

"Our friends don't come, as I take it, to admire fresco and gilding, but to enjoy our society."

"They'll think we live there always," said Mrs. Haven, with corrugated brow.

"That is precisely what I wish them to think, my dear."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Haven.

"You follow my meaning?"

"I—think—I—begin—to," said she, with an amused light beginning to sparkle in her eyes.

"Yes, dear, perhaps it would be a good plan to move—just while the repairs are in progress."

And she hurried upstairs to pack a few necessaries at once.

The cottage by Windermere was not an imposing edifice.

There was plenty of room in it, such as it was, but the doors were of rude pine boards the windows were undraped, and the furniture was such as was adapted merely to the wants of camping parties who were prepared to "rough it" after the most primitive fashion; and when Mrs. Caroline Montagu Prout drove up to the door, in a break heavily laden with trunks, she stared through her gold eye-glasses in a most ridiculous manner at the rude porch, the shutterless windows, and the unpainted wood settees on the grass.

"This isn't 'The Solitudes!'" she said. "Drive on, man! You have made a mistake."

"This 'ere's where Lawyer Haven's folks live," said the man, leisurely chewing a straw.

"Guess it's enough of a 'solitude' to suit anybody."

"I thought it was a picturesque cottage," said Mrs. Montagu Prout, in accents of the keenest disappointment.

But at this minute Mrs. Haven herself hurried to the door.

"I think you must be my husband's sister Caroline," said she graciously. "Do come in.

"But where are the trunks to go?" said the fashionable widow, who had dazzled the eyes of the Scarborough world with her numerous changes of toilet during the past fortnight.

"You can put them in the shed at the back of the barn," said Mrs. Haven graciously.

"I don't think they will quite go up the stairway."

Mr. Haller arrived later in the day—a long-haired, sallow-complexioned young man, in a violet velveteen suit, followed by a countryman carrying his portable easel, color-cases, travelling library, and writing-desk.

He knocked loudly at the door of the cottage with the ivory knob of his cane.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Haven lives?" said he.

"This is the place," said the hostess.

"This?" echoed Mr. Haller.

"You are cousin Herbert, I suppose?" said Mrs. Haven politely. "Walk in. My husband will come by the evening train. Allow me to show you to your room. It is rather small; but we are expecting a good deal of company, and I dare say you won't mind a little inconvenience."

And she left him in a seven-by-nine apartment under the eaves, where he could not stand upright, except just in middle of the room, and where the three-pane window was close to the floor.

"Humph!" soliloquised the esthete, looking ruefully around him, "this isn't at all what I expected."

Mary Haven had scarcely got downstairs and resumed the manufacture of raspberry pies, when shouts and cries in various keys announced the coming of Mrs. Johnson and her four children from the nearest station.

"Is this cousin Hugh's house, ma?" said Adelaide, the eldest, discontentedly.

"It ain't nothin' but a shanty," loudly proclaimed Alexander Gustavus, the second hope of the family.

"There ain't no paint on it," said Helen Louise.

"Lemme get out! lemme get out!" cried Juliette, "and play in that lovely black mud where the frog is sitting."

Mrs. Johnson sailed in with a scarlet face and a perturbed look.

"I'm afraid, cousin Mary," said she, "that we shall inconvenience you. There don't seem to be much accommodation here."

"Oh, there's plenty of room up in the garret, such as it is," said Mrs. Haven smilingly. "Of course, one expects to lead a gipsy life in a place like this; and the lake will be so nice for the little dears to play in, if only they are a little careful, for it's so lucky you are here, cousin Johnson, to help me with the pies and bread, for I'm not a very experienced housekeeper, and ——"

"I thought you kept two or three servants," said Mrs. Johnson frigidly.

"I have only one young girl just at present," said Mrs. Haven; "and, of course, when there's so much company, there's a great deal to do.

"Oh! there comes an old lady with a sweet little dog."

She glanced out of the open doorway.

"Goodness me! if it ain't that intolerable old aunt Sadie, with her inevitable dog," groaned Mrs. Johnson, as a fat elderly lady toiled up the path, in a scarlet shawl and a black-lace hat.

"Bless me!" said aunt Sadie, purple with the heat and dripping with perspiration, "you don't never mean to say, niece Haven, that this 'ere's the place I've heard tell of on Lake—what d'ye call it?"

"It is where we live at present," said Mrs. Haven quietly.

"I'm downright sorry I left the hotel at the railroad," said aunt Sadie sadly.

"I ain't used to these unplastered houses, and I'm 'most sure Trip will catch a bad cold."

Uncle Jenks was the last to come—a shrewd, brown-faced old man, in a grey suit, and with keen eyes like an eagle.

He looked around him and seemed to take in the situation at once.

"No servants, eh?" said he.

"Well, it's lucky I came.

"I'm pretty handy to fetch water, and split wood, and help about generally; and you're pretty slim, my dear, to do all the work of this house with only a young gal to help you.

"So Hugh hasn't done real well in business?

"I've a little money uninvested myself, and I don't know as I could do better with it than to lend it to my sister's son."

Thus he spoke, cheery and kind, while Mrs. Montagu Prout fanned herself, cousin Herbert Haller did battle with the flies and wasps, Mrs. Johnson followed her four children about in ceaseless terror lest they should be drowned, and aunt Sadie felt her dog's pulse and groaned over the heat.

One night at the cottage settled the question of "to stay or not to stay," in the mind of Mrs. Haven's guests.

"I never slept in such a hot place in my life," said Mrs. Johnson.

"The bed was not long enough for me to stretch myself out in, and the eaves touched my forehead," said cousin Herbert.

"The owls hooted all night in the woods," said aunt Sadie, "and kept dear little Trip barking until he was hoarse."

"I wouldn't stay here if you would pay me a hundred pounds a week," said Mrs. Montagu Prout, thinking of her pink silk party-dresses, and twelve-buttoned kid gloves.

"Well," said uncle Jenks drily, "it ain't just the location I should have selected for a summer residence, but I ain't going off to leave Hugh and his wife while I can manage to be useful to them."

So the company departed, with various adieus and insincere protestations of regard, and only uncle Jenks was left; and then Mr. Haven took his cigar out from between his lips.

"Uncle Jenks," said he, "suppose we go up and see how the carpenters and painters are getting along with the conservatory up at the house."

"At what house?" said uncle Jenks.

"Mine," said Mr. Haven.

"Don't you live here?" asked uncle Jenks.

"Not all the time," said Mr. Haven smiling.

"We only came here to accommodate such of our relations as merely desired to make a convenience of us."

"Oh!" said uncle Jenks, a slow smile beginning to break over his shrewd face.

And Mary Haven confessed that her husband's advice had proved excellent.

Uncle Jenks, the one of the troop who really cared two straws for them, was with them still—the rest had all been frightened away by the rusticities of the Windermere cottage.

"And I wish them *bon voyage*," said Mr. Haven calmly.

"So do I," agreed Mary.

REASON AND INSTINCT.—"I have made my most interesting studies of nature in the morning," said Seth Green. "That is the time to see the insects at their best—to see the mud-wasps stinging the spiders without killing them, and packing them away where they are kept alive for weeks to be used when needed. I saw a small green worm hanging down a web. An ant, stationed on the limb above, pulls up the web and, just as the worm comes within reach of his tiny claws, down drops Mr. Worm. The ant pulls up again and the worm, lets out another reef and goes down. This sort of thing continues until finally the ant grapples the worm and both go down in a grand scramble, in which the worm manages to shake off the ant. This leaves the worm on the ground. His web is so strong that the other end is still fastened to the limb above. What does Mr. Ant do? Give it up? No, sir. I have seen him go up the trunk of that tree, crawl out the same limb, and go to work again pulling up the same web. Then, after another battle, I have known the ant to get the better of the fight and lug the worm off to to his hole, three rods away.

"Why, talk about reasoning powers! The perseverance and instinct of these creatures are wonderful. People go out to fish. They splash around, stand up in the boat, drop their lines three feet away, and wonder because they don't catch trout. They forget that trout can see. Fish learn the tackle and fish are, as a rule, local in their habitation. There are not as many gypsies among fish as among men. Any man who will take the pains to study fish, or who will remember a tithe of what he reads about them, can catch them. They are smart, but our brains will beat them. I remember once fishing for salmon trout for a long time and taking nothing. Finally I concluded to get down and look into the water, and so, throwing my coat over my head, I got the required shade and peered down. The salmon would sail up and look at the minnow. Then, with a quick dart, he would close his teeth round one-half the minnow and open them again like a flash. He did not attempt to eat the minnow, and half of the severed body would drop to the bottom. When it had fallen to the bed of the lake the salmon would go down leisurely and eat it. The next time when I dropped my hook and felt the quick bite of the trout I let out enough line to drop the hook to the bottom, and the result was that when the salmon went down for his meal he was fooled and I had him."

DOGS IN HARNESS.—The Tartars use dogs to carry packs. In the far north they do the chief work in pulling the sledges, though the Laplanders chiefly use the reindeers for this purpose. The Eskimo sledge dogs are fine, strong animals, nearly allied to the wolf, and Messrs. Lord and Baines give some amusing hints about their management. The sledge driver must never leave his sledge without securing it to a spear driven into the snow, or the dogs will, perhaps, start off of their own accord and distance all pursuit. They are very quarrelsome, but generally in every team there is one master dog, with a very determined will and strong, sharp teeth, and when he sees the others fighting he will dash in amongst them and vigorously assist his master in restoring order. When rough ice is to be traversed, the dogs' paws are protected by little bags or moccasins of hide. They are not fed till the day's work is over, and great care has to be taken that each gets his proper share, for "some are so desperately artful and cunning that they do all in their power to delude their master into the belief that instead of having their full allowance it is yet to come." The Laplander's sled or kerres is different from the low, flat Esquimaux dog sled. It is shaped something like a big shoe, and is drawn by the reindeer, which is used in the same way in Siberia, and also for riding and carrying packs. In many countries summer sleds are used. One of the easiest to make is formed of a forked branch with pieces of wood nailed across the fork, the horse or mule being harnessed to the pointed end. This is often used by the settler for dragging loads of all kinds over level ground.

Bric-a-Brac.

A UNIVERSAL ANIMAL.—It is said that no animal is so extensively diffused over the globe or increases so rapidly as the hog. Marshal Vauban calculated that the produce of a single sow in ten years, assuming six pigs at a litter, would increase to 6,434,130 pigs, or as many as any of the chief European States could support. If this calculation were carried on to the twelfth generation we should find they would fill all Europe with a supply, and by the sixteenth cover the entire globe.

A FASHIONABLE VEGETABLE.—Louis XV. was a good liver of the first quality, and ought to have been able to set the fashion in edibles, not only for his own age, but for a long while to come. That he was not, in fact, equal to this task may be easily perceived from the example of one vegetable alone, which has speedily undeservedly descended from the high place to which he raised it into an humble and miserable position of inferority. The plant in question is the red cabbage, which was an immense favorite with the royal feaster, and was more highly appreciated at the little suppers given to His Majesty by Madame de Pompadour at Marly than any other article in the bill of fare.

A BIG DIAMOND.—The biggest diamond in the world, if, indeed, it be a diamond, is the Braganza, which forms part of the Portuguese crown jewels. It weighs 1,880 carats. However, not a little doubt exists of its being a diamond, as the government has never allowed it to be tested but uncut diamond is the Mattam, belonging to the Rajah of Mattam, in Borneo. It is of pure water, weighs 367 carats and is of a pear shape, indented at the thick end. It was found about 1760 at Landak, in Borneo. It has been the cause of a sanguinary war. Before it was cut the Koh-i-noor, which is one of the English crown jewels, was the largest tested diamond. It then weighed 793 carats. When in the possession of the Emperor Aurengzebe it was reduced by unskilful cutting to 186 carats. During the India mutiny it was captured by the British troops and presented to Queen Victoria. It was recut and now only weighs 106 1-16 carats.

NAMES OF SWORDS.—Not only were names given to swords, but in scriptions intended to indicate their quality, or the deeds they were expected to perform, were engraved upon their blades. Some of these were of a very vaunting and boastful spirit. The best inscription upon a sword of which I ever heard was one upon an old Ferrara blade, which read thus: "My value varies with the hand that holds me." On a great many of the blades made at Toledo was the inscription: "Do not draw me without reason, do not sheathe me without honor." Among the vaunting inscriptions was this: "When this viper stings there is no cure in any doctors' shops." A Sicilian sword bore the announcement: "I come," meaning, probably, that everybody else had better go away; while a Hungarian sword declared: "He that thinks not as I do thinks falsely." These are but a few of the legends by which a man's sword, in the days when cavaliers and warriors used to do as much talking as fighting, was made to imitate its master.

MISPLACED PUNCTUATIONS.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson speaking with difficulty in a corner of the platform said "that there was nothing like drink; to cause misery total abstinence was recommended; to insure happiness drunkenness was the best plan; to tempt a man to suicide let him be persuaded to 'take the pledge.'" "The hearse drawn by four horses entered the corpse; carried by six mutes, the minister, crying bitterly, was lowered into the grave, where was buried the deceased's wife and the mourners; the umbrella with which each seemed to be provided joined in the general exclamation of intense and heartfelt sorrow." "We had just retired when the door slowly opened on its ridiculous hind legs; a poodle entered; my slipper in a moment was sent flying at my wife's head; my pistol hung fire; away, said she, and the poodle bolted the stupid housemaid; it was she let that dog in." "A lady wants to exchange a mahogany crib; for a baby three months old, strong and good condition with wooden head and open sides standing on four legs a month at the seaside."

OATHS OF ALL NATIONS.—The following summary of the forms of official oaths in use in foreign legislative assemblies is extracted from the reports received at the British Foreign Office: Bavaria—I swear * * * So help me God and His Holy Gospel. Denmark—I promise and swear * * * So help me God and His Holy Word. Greece—I swear in the name of the Holy and Consubstantial and Indivisible Trinity. Hesse-Darmstadt—I swear * * * So help me God. Saxe-Coburg and Baden—I swear. So help me God. Holland—I swear. So help me God. Portugal—I swear on the Holy Gospels. Prussia—I swear by God the Almighty and Omniscient * * * So help me God. Saxony—I swear by Almighty God. Servia—I swear by one God and with all that is according to law most sacred and in this world dearest. * * * So help me God in this and in that other world. Spain—After swearing the Deputy on the gospel, the President says: "Then may God repay you; but if you fail, may He claim it from you." Sweden and Norway—[President or Vice President only] swear before God and His holy gospel. * * * I will be faithful to this oath as sure as God shall save my body and soul. Switzerland—In the presence of Almighty God I swear * * * So help me God. United States—I do solemnly swear * * * So help me God.

THE LIGHT OF HOPE.

BY M. TINSLEY.

The course of the weariest river
  Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn forever and ever,
  Strives upward to the tree.
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
  Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
  Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are riven,
  Complex although they be,
And peace will at last be given,
  Dear, both to you and to me.

Then, though the path may be dreary,
  Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and the head be weary,
  Let faith inspire the soul:
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting
  Speak the truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting
  When once the gem is lost.
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready
  For plain and unbushed foes;
Though earnest and fancy steady
  Bear blest unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
  But with evening comes the light;
Though the low winds are complaining,
  Yet the sunrise gilds the height;
And love has its hidden treasure
  For the patient and the pure;
And time gives his fullest measure
  To the workers who endure.
And the Word that no law has shaken
  Has the future pledge supplied,
For we know that when we "awaken"
  We shall be "satisfied."

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

"YOU hear," he said; "there is one faithful to me. You may take the other. I—give her to you!"

"I could never lead the life you want me to lead, father—never," remarked Leah; "and how would you have borne with me had I refused? Do not think that my heart is not rent."

"You need say no more!" said Martin Ray. "Have we not heard how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child? I have no son, and I rested my pride, my hopes, my ambition on you; and you have heartlessly deserted me for a stranger who despises me."

"I cannot believe as you believe, father, or think as you think. We must have been parted sooner or later. I could not have borne my lot, now that I am beginning to understand you."

Hettie's arms clasped him even more tightly.

"Never mind, father. I will make it all up to you. I would die to save you from pain. She will tire soon, and come back to you."

"Never!" he cried, his face aflame with anger. "Stand away from me, Hettie! Let me see the child so ready to leave me and give up the love of years at the bidding of a stranger!"

Hettie drew back, and at that moment she knew in her heart that his best and dearest love had been given to the daughter who had deserted him.

"Let me look at her!" he cried. "She has deserted me and gone over to my enemies!"

"I have simply given up a life which has never been tolerable to me, and which grows more unbearable every day. I shall love you always, father; but I shall never share your principles."

His face paled with anger.

"You speak bravely enough now that you know your words give me no concern. I am justly punished, for in my blindness I confess that I loved you best. You must forgive me, Hettie. I shall love but one daughter now."

"I have nothing to forgive; it was natural that you should love Leah best. Do not be angry with her. She told me that she did not care about the life you wanted her to lead. Leah loves everything beautiful, and she wants to be loved. She does not care for lectures and politics."

The simple words almost made the General smile; but there was no smile on the lips of Martin Ray as he turned to his elder child.

"Look at me," he said, "and tell me to my face that you are going to leave me."

"It is the life I leave, not you," she replied.

"Listen to me, Leah. If you leave me now, you shall never, so help me Heaven, look upon my face again! You shall go from my house, my heart, never to re-enter them. You shall cease even to be known by name; and your sister shall never see or speak to you again. Do you understand all that you are giving up?"

She was pale as a white lily.

"I can bear my coming life better than the other, father. I could never follow the career that you have traced for me. It is better that I should go."

"Oh, Leah, you must not leave him! You cannot desert me! I shall die if you go from me and leave me here alone!"

"Come with me, Hettie, if it is no life for me, it is none for me. Come with me."

"You forget," interrupted Leah, "that it is my mother who has sent for me."

"Her heart is hardened!" cried Martin Ray. "Say no more to her, Hettie. She can leave us both without tears. We must learn to live without her. She is a thankless child, and you are a loving one. Come to my heart, Hettie; your home shall be there."

But, as her golden head lay upon his breast, amidst her sobs and tears she heard the name of Leah as often as she heard her own.

"There is is no need to prolong this painful scene," said General Hatton, after a short silence. "My dear Leah, for the trust and confidence you have shown me I thank you. You shall see that it is well placed. I take you from what I believe to be most unworthy hands, and adopt you as my own daughter. I would take your sister, but she declines to come. If in the future she should change her mind, I shall none the less be still her friend."

"I thank you," said a gentle voice full of tears; "but I shall never leave my father. It does not matter who he is or what any one thinks of him; he is my father, and I will be faithful to him."

"I say nothing but this," replied the General—"if ever you want a friend, come to me."

"She will never want one while I live! cried Martin Ray. "Oh, Leah, child of my heart, how little did I dream that you would become one of those against whom I have preached and taught my life long! That I should have a daughter amongst the wealthy and the aristocracy of the land is to me a shame and a disgrace. There is yet time to make your final decision, Leah. I will believe that you were over-tempted by the man who has bribed you; I will believe that you repent of your momentary desertion; I will believe anything and everything if you will only come back to me, Leah, child of my heart!"

General Hatton stood by and said nothing.

He would not influence the girl; her heart should decide.

He could not help thinking what a beautiful picture of pathetic determination she made, standing with her eyes wistfully seeking her father's face, her hands clasped.

"I could never be what you want me to be, father," she said; "and you would dislike me, hate me, when I refused. It is better that I should accept my uncle's offer."

"You refuse then, decidedly, once and forever, Leah, to carry out my wishes?"

"I do refuse," she replied calmly. "I could not act as you wish. I do not believe in that which you would have me teach."

"Say no more," he cried, holding up his hand as though he would ward off a blow—no more! I have heard from your own lips your decision. You choose to make your home with this stranger—for stranger he is, no matter how closely he may be related to you—you would rather live with me?"

"It is not my fault," she said humbly. "You would have made my life intolerable to me."

"You renounce me, give me up entirely for him!" continued Martin. "You cast me out of your life and choose to cling to him? Do not be afraid to speak out plainly."

"I am not afraid," she replied calmly, "I do prefer to go to my mother's brother."

"Well and good," said Martin Ray, with a white face—"well and good. You have made your choice; you must abide by it. Nothing can ever alter it in this world. Some fathers would have cursed you. I will not; but I tell you, as much in sorrow as in anger, that punishment will fall upon you. I may not have been perhaps the best of fathers, but I am your father, and to give up my love and protection for that of another is, I say, a sin that cries to Heaven for vengeance. You hear me, Leah? I say it to warn you. The time will come when with unutterable regret you will remember this hour and this deed; the time will come when the anger of heaven will fall upon you, when, in your turn, your heart will be torn with anguish, and you will say to yourself, 'This is the punishment that my father prophesied for me.' I do not curse you, Leah; I leave you to the Power that never fails to punish or reward."

"Do not be so angry with her, father," said a loving voice; and again Hettie's arms clung to him tenderly.

The General, seeing that Leah had hardly strength to stand, drew her nearer to him.

"There is one thing I must do before you go," said Martin Ray. "I will not say that I have studied my Bible much; but I have made a family register of it."

He unclasped Hettie's arms, and placed her in a chair; then he went to the bookshelf, took from it a large Bible, opened it, and laid it upon the table before the General.

There was about his action the dignity that comes from great sorrow.

"Look!" he said, pointing with his finger. "There is the entry of my marriage with Doris Hatton. Here is the birth of my first and best-beloved child Leah, more than sixteen years ago. Here is the birth of Hettie, than fifteen years ago. Now see. My eldest child is dead to me; she died to-day. I have but one daughter living."

He took a pen and dipped it in ink, and through the name of Leah Ray he drew a thick black line with steady fingers.

He wrote opposite to it "Dead to me."

Then he closed the book, and replaced it on the shelf.

"There is no more to be either said or done," he continued. "You have taken my child from me, General Hatton. She goes readily—let her. I do not mean to complain; but, when she passes over the threshold of the house, she passes over my heart."

General Hatton bent down, and looked into the beautiful face so white and still.

"Leah," he said gently, "I would not over-persuade you—and the choice is for life. Will you take time to think over it?"

"No," she answered faintly. "I could not live the life that is proposed for me. I hate it. I prayed to Heaven to send me deliverance. I cannot refuse it now that it has come."

"You need not do so," said the General. "I wish your sister would come too."

But Hettie clung to her father.

After a few moments, Martin raised his hands.

"I am no prophet," he said; "but I believe in the natural order and the natural fitness of things. I predict that over the head of the child who has forsaken me dark clouds will gather; I predict for her a sad life in the midst of wealth, luxury, and gaiety. For the daughter whose faithful heart and tender love are my consolation I predict happiness in life and in death. May Heaven confirm what I say!"

"We will have a proper understanding," said Sir Arthur Hatton. "I am not unreasonable, though I frankly confess I dislike everything about you—your name, your name, your character, your life, and its aims. I am implacable in my resentment against you for having stolen my sister and blighted her life and death. But, if you are ill or dying, and send for Leah, she shall come. If Hettie be dying or ill, and send for her, she shall come."

"Neither in life nor in death shall we meet again," declared Martin Ray. "We shall live our lives; they will be far apart from hers. To me she no longer exists. I have touched her hand, kissed her face, spoken to her for the last time. She lies in her coffin dead to me, and I draw the sheet over her face—she is dead! Oh, Hettie, with your mother's eyes, comfort me!"

Leah raised her white face to Sir Arthur's.

"This is dreadful," she said; "it is killing me. But I cannot follow out my father's wishes. Take me away."

Then the two sisters looked at each other.

In each face was an unspoken longing.

"No," said Martin Ray sternly, "you shall not touch her, Hettie! She has cast us off; let her go her own way."

"Just once," pleaded Hettie. "Let me kiss her once, father. We are own sisters, you know; we have loved each other so dearly. Oh, Leah, stay with us, darling; do not go!"

"No, not once or ever!" cried Martin Martin Ray, raising his hand. "You shall not even say good-bye to her! Let her leave us in silence—the silence of death."

And Hettie, whose loving heart was almost broken, fell upon her knees, hiding her face in her hands, and sobbing with bitter tears and cries.

She dared not raise her head to take a last look at the face she loved so well.

The General drew Leah nearer to the door.

"Good-bye, father," she said. "I am not cold, unloving, or heartless; but I could not lead the life you selected for me. I would rather have died. I will come back if you want me or send for me."

She moved towards him, as though she fain would have kissed his hands or face; but he turned from her with a gesture of angry contempt.

"Good-bye, Hettie," she said in a broken voice. "Nothing can part us for long; nothing can change our affection for each other; time, patience, and love will bring us together again. If you want me, send, and I will come."

It was a pitiful scene—one girl kneeling in wild distress on the ground, the other pale, trembling, half hesitating, moving slowly to the door.

Suddenly Leah threw up her arms with a bitter cry.

"It is worse than death!" she said. "Oh, uncle, help me!"

"I will do all I can to make you happy, Leah," he replied.

He did not know how to comfort her.

It was he who, in seeking to rescue her from a life she hated, had brought these troubles upon her.

Nature was more kind; for, when Sir Arthur beckoned his man-servant to help him, Leah had lost all consciousness, and so left her father's house, almost as he had said, in the silence of death.

CHAPTER VIII.

"SHE is gone," said Martin Ray hoarsely, as the sound of the carriage-wheels reached them. "She is gone, Hettie, from our home and life forever. She is dead to us."

And the man whose ends and aims in life were all selfish, who would have trampled over hundred of human beings to attain the object he sought, buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

The sobs roused Hettie, who in her whole life never remembered to have seen her father weep—startled her into forgetting her own grief, for a time, to console him.

She went to him, and knelt down by his side.

"I will love you doubly dearest," she said, "to make up for it. I will be two daughters in one to you."

He stood up, gray, worn, and haggard, a prematurely old man.

"You are the best of daughters, Hettie," he said slowly; "but the—well, you see, she was more than a daughter to me. I wanted to live again in her. You are all that is sweet, kind, and gentle; but she had fire and passion, she had power and eloquence, she would have been a light in the darkness. I shall never be the same man again, Hettie. I did not know that I could be so human. I did not know that I was capable of valuing so highly the love of a slip of a girl. I think better of myself for my own grief, Hettie."

She whispered to him, after the manner of loving daughters, that he was perfect, that no man could be better; and unconsciously the gentle flattery soothed him.

"How strange," said Hettie, "for all this to occur in one day! This morning I hardly remembered that mamma had a brother. She talked to us about him sometimes, but I had nearly forgotten him——"

"Ah, now," sighed Martin Ray, spreading out his hands in speechless distress—"now all is changed!"

Hettie looked at him with wistful eyes.

"Father," she asked gently, "was my mother really an aristocrat?"

"Good Heaven, no, Hettie! Certainly not! She was a lady. She came from a very ancient and honorable family."

"That is something to be proud of, is it not?" she asked innocently.

And Martin Ray glared at her with angry eyes.

He could not say say "No," and he would not say "Yes."

It seemed to him that these children of his, so long docile and blind in their belief, were suddenly rising up against him.

"Why do you hate my mother's brother, father? Why could you not be friends?"

"Why were not Napoleon and Wellington friends?" he asked pompously. "Why are the hare and the hounds, the dove and the hawk, not friends? We are enemies naturally, as are they."

"It seems so strange," said the girl, who was still a child. "How angry his face was, and how stern his voice! He thought you had been cruel to my mother. Why did you not tell him it was not so?"

Martin Ray paced up and down the little room; the sickly yellow light from the setting sun still lay upon the floor—the door through which his daughter had passed out for evermore was still open.

Hot anger was rising in his heart.

Up to the present he had been mastered and distressed by surprise and pain; now the wonder was past, the pain deepened, and he grew wrathful.

What right had this man, his dead wife's brother, to come and take his child from him?

If it had been Hettie, it would have been more bearable—for he was by no means averse to money—but Leah, bright, beautiful, proud Leah, who was to have crowned the name of Ray with fame—it was worse than parting with his life's blood to lose her.

Angry passion surged in his heart against the man who had taken her.

He could not endure the simple, innocent prattle of the child who had been faithful to him.

He turned to her with a darkening face that almost frightened her.

"Hettie," he said, "you are too young to know all that a vow imparts; but you understand its solemnity?"

With beautiful wondering eyes she answered "Yes."

"You must register a vow to me," he said. "I will not hear that man's name again. I forbid you to mention it. Swear to me that neither his name nor that of the girl he has taken with him shall ever pass your lips. Swear it, Hettie."

Pale and trembling, the girl looked at him.

"I am afraid," she said. "I have never sworn in all my life. Let me promise that I will do as you wish, father; that will meet the case as well. I shall keep my word."

"No, you must swear it, Hettie. For the rest of my life I shall trust no one—neither man, woman, nor child; every promise made to me shall be bound by an oath. You need not tremble, child; many persons take oaths."

"But if I break it?" she cried.

"That is the very thing," he said. "You hesitate, Hettie, not because you are afraid of an oath, but because in your heart you intend to keep up a correspondence with Leah. If you do so, you will never more be child of mine. If ever I find that by word or deed you have in any way sought her or held any communication with her, that moment we part, and the curse of an unhappy disappointed father will rest upon you until you die."

"Oh, not that! Do not say that!" cried Hettie.

"Then swear what I wish you to swear, and bear in mind always the punishment that will follow if you do not keep your oath. Swear to me that the names of the two in question shall never pass your lips, and that in no circumstances will you ever hold any communication with her either by word, deed, sign, or letter."

She was a timid, frightened, loving child, and she swore as he bade her; then he was content.

"I am going out, Hettie," he said; "while I am away see that everything belonging to my dead daughter is sent from the house. You can give them away, burn or destroy them; but they must not be here when I return. After that, our new life will begin."

He went away, and Hettie was set to her sorrowful task—to look at the bookshelves and take from them every book bearing the beloved name, to go to the room where only on the previous night they had talked and wondered and slept, and remove from it everything that belonged to Leah—to take from the drawers her neat pretty dresses, to collect all her laces and ribbons, every little ornament, and pack them together.

What tears she shed!

What anguish of heart, what sorrow, what unutterable pain she felt!

She cried till she became ill and faint.

At last her task was accomplished, and she had everything securely packed in one large trunk; then come the difficulty—what was she to do with it?

She remembered that not far away lived a

girl who had been an invalid for many years, and who would doubtless be delighted with the contents.

To her Hettie sent the trunk, saying that her sister had departed from home and had left these things to be given away.

And thus, when Martin Ray returned, and looked inquiringly at Hettie, asking if his commands had been obeyed, she was able to answer "Yes."

Then they began the new life; but, oh, the blank, awful horror of it—the gloom, the chill that came over them!

Martin Ray sat moodily smoking his pipe, while Hettie tried to interest herself in her domestic duties.

There was no Leah.

Ten times in an hour Martin Ray turned to look for the beautiful face he had loved so well; then, with a muttered oath, he told himself that she was dead.

Twenty times in an hour Hettie turned with an involuntary cry for Leah, forgetting for one happy moment what had happened, and then she would recall it with something like despair.

It was a chill terrible blank, of which neither spoke, although their hearts were filled with the sense of it.

The tea-table, with two solitary cups; the piano, where the beautiful passionate face would be seen no more—everything spoke of her.

Then at night came the friends and comrades of Martin Ray, eager to see and hear more of the beautiful girl introduced to them on the preceding evening as one of the bright coming lights.

Few words were spoken between them; but they all understood in what manner Martin Ray had lost his daughter.

There was little outward display of sympathy amongst these men; but in each heart hatred of "the aristocrats" burned on that evening hotter than ever.

Martin Ray had learned his lesson.

He would not have Hettie present at these meetings, as Leah had been.

He told her to take her book and go to her room, and the poor child obeyed.

There and then, for the first time, she seemed to realize what had befallen her.

The room frightened her by its dreary, cheerless aspect; she had not known before how much of its cheerfulness and brightness was owing to Leah.

With passionate love and bitter tears she kissed the pillow on which Leah's head had rested.

She could understand how Leah was willing to leave her father, but not how she could leave her.

"I could not have left Leah," she said to herself. "If the choice had lain between death and leaving Leah, I would have died."

She wondered how she should live through all her life without her sister.

She grew ill and faint when she thought of the oath she had taken.

Even if she met her the next day, she could not speak to her; she had gone out of her life forever; and, as she thought of this, no foreshadowing came to her of the time when she and her sister would cross each other's path in the strangest of fashions.

No sleep came to the unhappy child that night.

If for a few moments she forgot herself, she woke with a cry for Leah on her lips.

Martin Ray did not remain long in that house.

He said nothing, but the chill and desolation of the rooms once brightened by his daughter's beautiful presence were too much for him; he could not endure the place.

She had gone from his life altogether: but he found, to his surprise, that he could not root her from his heart and thoughts, as he had intended to do.

Just then his career was almost ended in Manchester.

He had lectured and taught; he had been the cause of several disturbances; he had longed that the Government would prosecut him and make a martyr of him, but the Government had declined so to dignify him.

There was really a reason why he should seek "fresh woods and pastures new."

Hettie would of course go with him.

When he spoke to her, he found that the idea of leaving Manchester was most pleasant to her.

She did not think that anything in life could ever make her happy again, but it would be at least some little relief to be away from the place that was haunted by the memory of the sister she would in all probability never see again.

So Martin Ray left Manchester.

He lived successively in Liverpool, in Sheffield, and in many of the large towns which are centres of manufacturing industry.

There his fortunes wavered; sometimes he was called Martin Ray the patriot, and at others he was sneered at as an agitator.

So the years passed, and he saw the beautiful face of his child no more.

And the sisters who had lived together, who had loved each other so well, who had never been parted for an hour, drifted farther from each other every day, never to meet until the lines of their lives had crossed again and the real tragedy of their womanhood had begun.

* * * * * *

Very few soldiers attain military honors so early as General Sir Arthur Hatton, K. C. B.

One thing was certain, he was born a military genius, as some men are born poets and others painters.

He had been a soldier in heart from his earliest childhood—from the day he first saw a Line regiment pass through the streets and heard the band playing "Rule, Britannia," the sound of which raised a flame which was never extinguished.

"I shall be a soldier, father!" he cried out to Amos Hatton.

"You shall if you wish it," replied the old lawyer.

And from that day the lad's vocation was considered a settled thing.

It was his sole delight.

He went through the preliminaries with honor; he studied hard; it was prophesied of him, by those in authority, that he would prove to be a genius, an honor to the service; and the country, they told him, wanted such men.

He was little more than a boy when he obtained a commission in the army, and the young ensign started with every prospect in life bright before him.

Fortune smiled upon him.

Before he had been very long in the service, his regiment, the Queen's Own Rangers, were ordered to the Punjaub.

He was appointed to some small military command, one that required tact, courage and skill.

In a few years he had made his name famous.

When the Queen's Own Rangers went home, he remained, and a post of greater importance was given to him.

After a time he distinguished himself still further, and the Government was not slow to reward his services.

He was made a General after a brilliant action in which he had shown great personal valor, and had saved the troops from a crushing disaster.

There was not a man on the field who would not have risked his life for the brave commander who was no carpet knight; for he did not show others the way of victory, yet shirk all danger himself.

His bronzed handsome face and tall figure was always seen in front, always in the midst of peril, always meeting death face to face.

He was the type of officer whom men follow blindly even to certain destruction.

By his courage and gallantry he endered a great service to the Viceroy of India, and in return he received the Order of the Star of India.

The motto of the order was one engraven on his heart—"Heaven's light our guide."

Slowly but surely he mounted the ladder which leads to fame.

He was made a Baronet, and soon afterwards the Order of the Bath was given to him.

He was a thorough soldier; he lived for his profession alone.

He had found time, in the midst of his occupations, to marry—though General Sir Arthur Hatton never made any pretence of having married for love—a rich widow, Lady Bourgoyne, whose husband had been one of the wealthiest men in India, and had left the whole of his fortune to her.

The fair widow had given the first sign of preference for Sir Arthur.

She admired the gallant soldier with his bronzed handsome face and fine figure.

She gave him to understand, in a royal kind of fashion, that she liked him.

Hitherto Sir Arthur had not given a thought to lover or marriage.

He looked upon matrimony as something not quite fitted for a soldier.

He wondered little when he heard of officers and privates marrying.

He wondered a little more when he thought of all the wives and mothers had to suffer.

He was amused, rather than otherwise, when Lady Bourgoyne commenced to woo him.

Considering that she was at that time one of the most popular and wealthy women in the whole Presidency, her admiration and evident liking for the General created no small sensation.

She married him at last; for, oddly enough, in speaking of the wedding, no one ever remarked that the General had married Lady Bourgoyne.

They lived together happily for many years.

Lady Hatton was one of the best and most submissive of wives.

She simply adored her husband and lived for his happiness.

He seemed to be always more or less surprised at himself for having married.

When Lady Hatton died, she left the whole of her enormous fortune to him.

Sir Arthur missed his wife; he mourned for her with all sincerity; and he lived on without knowing that his heart was still sleeping, and had never awakened to the least knowledge of true love.

Before his marriage he had received the letter written by his sister, and it had touched him deeply.

He had loved little Doris very dearly. She was but a child when he had left home, yet he retained the liveliest and most loving memory of her.

He said to himself, when he read the letter, that he would most certainly attend to her wishes.

But it was a difficult thing to do.

He was thousands of miles from home, and his time was incessantly occupied.

He delayed from day to day, not quite knowing what to do, until at last the letter was put away with other papers and forgotten.

Then came the busiest part of his life; he married, lost his wife, doubled his fortune, and resolved upon returning to England.

He resigned his command, gathered together his wealth, and, to the great regret of all who knew him, sailed for his native land.

He had spent the best part of his life in India, he had accumulated much interest, and he determined that he would spend the few last years of his life in ease and enjoyment.

Under the heat of a tropical sun, and amidst the discomforts of a tropical clime, this had been his one idea, the one dream in which he had revelled—to return home, and in the heart of his native land, fairer to him than any other on which the sun shone, make for himself a perfect home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Woman's Delight.

BY C. A. KESSEL.

IN the reign of King Dagobert there lived a cavalier who bore the title of Sir Robert.

His worldly wealth might be said to consist of his horse and an old suit of armor. But nature had lavished upon him her choicest gifts, for in his person was united the strength of Hercules and the beauty of Adonis.

As he was journeying towards Rome, whither he was going, not to seek laurels to deck the brow of a warrior, but to obtain absolution and remission of his sins, near the entrance of a wood, on the borders of Charenton, he met the gay and volatile Lavinia, who, dressed in all the simplicity of a village maiden, was returning from market laden with eggs and butter.

Never had Sir Robert before beheld so lovely a creature. Hastily dismounting, "Gentle maiden," said he, "my means are scanty, I have only two hundred dollars which are deposited in my portmanteau; but my heart and fortune are yours, if worth your acceptance."

"Indeed, sir, you do me too much honor!" replied Lavinia, when the amorous knight, in stealing a kiss from the fair one, upset her basket and broke her eggs.

During the scuffle his horse took fright, and darted into the wood, where a monk of the order of St. Denis chancing to find it, without ceremony mounted and galloped off to his convent.

"Now, sir knight, give me the two hundred dollars," said Lavinia.

Sir Robert, embarrassed and disconcerted in vain sought his charger; he knew not what to answer.

He wished to apologize for the liberties he had taken; but excuses were of no avail—Lavinia would not relent, and she carried her complaint to Dagobert.

When arrived at the palace, and ushered into the presence of the King, she thus addressed him: "Sire," said she, "a cavalier has insulted me, robbed me, and has made me no reparation."

To which this intelligent prince replied, "Go, maiden, and state your grievance to my wife Bertha, for in disposing of such cases she is quite an adept."

Bertha, on hearing Lavinia's complaint, immediately assembled her council of devotees.

The cavalier was summoned before them, when, with downcast looks, he confessed his guilt, and expressed a hope that mercy might be shown him.

His crime was of too heinous a nature to admit of leniency, and the council, therefore, awarded him the punishment of death.

Sir Robert's handsome person and elegant figure so far excited the compassion of his fair judges, that they shed tears for his pitiable condition; Lavinia sighed bitterly, and the hearts of all present seemed to sympathize in his unhappy fate.

Bertha, in sharing the feelings of her council, reminded them "that the life of the prisoner might be spared if he chose to exercise his wit; for you must be aware," she continued, "of the existence of a law which invests us with the power of extending mercy to any culprit who can tell us what women, at all times, and on all occasions, most desire."

This proposal being made to the knight, he immediately agreed to attempt its solution.

Bertha, in order to give him a fair chance, allowed him a period of eight days to consider of it.

On his knees, he pledged his honor to the Queen to appear before her at the expiration of the time specified.

In taking leave, he expressed his gratitude for her lenient decree, and sorrowfully pursued his way.

After a little cool deliberation, he said to himself, "How to find out what women like best, and how to tell it without giving offence, I know not.

"Surely, the Queen and her senate can be only making sport of my misfortunes. Since I must die, it had been better at once to have delivered me into the hands of the hangman."

Whenever Sir Robert happened to meet a female, he earnestly entreated her to tell him what she most desired.

To his numerous inquiries he received different replies; he was puzzled beyond measure; day and night he racked his brain to solve the mystery, but in vain; and he at length gave himself up to despair.

Already had seven days winged their eagle flight, and the eighth was fast waning to its close, when our disconsolate hero wandering, unheedful of his way, found himself at the entrance of a forest.

There, on a verdant grass-plot, he beheld a troop of beautiful females dancing in a ring; he approached them with the view of seeking the solution of his question, but in an instant they all vanished, and there remained only a decrepit old hag, whose presence he had not before observed.

Her appearance was most forbidding; she seemed to be without a tooth in her head, as her nose and chin were in close contact with each other; her complexion was of a yellowish hue, and red rheum formed a border to her eyes.

A piece of old carpet served her as a petticoat, which scarcely covered her wrinkled extremities.

The sight of such a being might well infuse terror into the heart of our gallant knight.

She accosted him, and in a familiar tone of voice thus addressed him: "I perceive my son, by your melancholy and dejected looks that you are a prey to some grievous affliction; make me your confidant, that I may administer consolation to you. I have seen much of the world, and wisdom is the general attendant of age. To the unfortunate I often prefer advice, which generally proves beneficial to those who have the good sense to follow it."

"Alas! my good woman," replied the knight, "I have been long seeking counsel, but in vain; my hour is fast approaching, for to-morrow I am to be hanged if I tell not the Queen and the ladies of her palace, without giving offence, what affords women the greatest delight."

"Banish your fears then," replied the old woman; "for since Providence hath thrown me in your way, rely on it, my son, it is for your benefit.

"You may now go to the court with a light heart, but let us repair thither together as on the road I will reveal to you the secret you so ardently desire to know. Ingratitude is a hateful crime, and in being indebted to me for your life I shall expect you to act a generous part, and in return grant me any favor my inclination may lead me to demand."

The cavalier immediately pledged his word to fulfil his engagement.

When arrived at the palace, Sir Robert was at once summoned before Bertha and her virgin council.

The Queen, having taken her seat on the throne of justice, called upon him for his defence, when he addressed the court as follows:—

"Ladies, I have discovered your secret; what you most desire, what is the darling object of your wishes, is neither the attentions of numerous and assiduous admirers, nor the possession of gay and splendid equipages; but whether maid, wife, or widow—whether ugly or pretty—whether rich or poor—the delight of your whole sex is to have your own way, and at all times and all occasions, to exercise undisputed authority. If I am wrong hang me!"

On hearing this speech the council unanimously agreed that Sir Robert was entitled to his life, and thus acquitted he knelt down to kiss the hand of Queen Bertha, when the toothless hag before mentioned, covered with rags and dirt, threw herself at the foot of the throne, crying aloud for justice, and thus addressed her Majesty:—

"O beauteous Queen, thou who impartially distributest justice even to the meanest of they subjects, and whose heart is ever open to equitable dealings, listen to my complaint.

"To my skill is this knight indebted for the knowledge of your secret: I have preserved his life, in gratitude for which he promised to grant me whatever favor I might think proper to demand. I now seek justice at your hands, and expect my boon."

"True indeed it is," said Sir Robert, "but never yet have I been guilty of ingratitude; my two hundred dollars, my horse, and my baggage were my whole fortune. At the time I was occupied with the jade Lavinia, a monk, in a fit of devotion, carried them all off; so that, with the desire of rewarding my benefactress, I am disposed of the means."

The queen then addressed Sir Robert.

"The whole of your property," said she, "shall be restored to you, and the thief punished, but your fortune must be divided into three lots.

"The injured Lavinia is entitled to the two hundred dollars, as a recompense for her broken eggs; this good woman shall retain possession of your armor."

"A most generous decree, O just Queen!" said the old beldame; "but it is not his horse I covet. Nothing less than Sir Robert's own person will satisfy me. I admire his bravery, and his beauty has made a deep impression on my heart. I wish to be the sovereign of his affections. In my embraces he may be very happy; and as a fulfilment of the promised boon, I require him to marry me this very day."

This speech seemed to strike terror and disgust into the heart of our gallant knight, for, steadfastly regarding the squalid figure before him, covered with rags and dirt, he recoiled several steps in abhorrence, and striking his forehead, in a frantic tone of voice exclaimed, "How have I deserved such treatment? Why am I to be thus ridiculed, and so have such indignities thrust upon me? O most beauteous, most gracious Queen! put your first decree into force, and let me suffer death, but do not resign me into the arms of this miserable hag. She is mad; the unreasonableness of her request is a proof of it."

"You see with what disdain he rejects my proposal, O Queen," replied the old woman. "He is cruel and ungrateful; but I am determined to conquer his unjust dislike; though I fear my affection is too ardent to meet a reciprocal return. I confess my charms are beginning to fade, but the union of hearts is everything; my waning beauty will increase my love, and he will have less cause to suspect my fidelity. I am poor, but surely poverty is no disgrace. Does contentment reign only in the dwellings of the great? Is your repose more calm madam, in this gorgeous palace than mine in my lowly cottage? Or is your affection for your royal spouse greater than mine for this poor knight, whom I now demand as my loving husband?"

This discourse produced such an effect on the ladies of the palace that they without

hesitation adjudged Sir Robert to fulfil his promise.

The sacredness of his oath in a great measure lessening his disgust, he was married that day.

After the ceremony they repaired to the residence of the frightful adventuress.

On the road she held such tender and affecting converse as softened the heart of our hero; but when he again contemplated her squalid and dirty figure, his limbs quivered with disgust.

They at length arrived at the cottage, the interior of which presented a most miserable and filthy appearance.

A rickety table, two three-legged stools, with a bed made upon the floor, formed the greater part of the furniture.

Scanty was their nuptial feast; but we must now leave them to their connubial felicity.

Suffice it to say that the tender persuasions and entreaties of his loving wife soon reconciled Sir Robert to his fate.

On awakening the next morning, our hero found the wretched hovel replaced by a beautiful palace, and in a spacious apartment, splendidly furnished, he beheld a female, more lovely than Venus, reclining by his side.

"You see, sir knight," she said, "women like to have their own way; reign henceforth as sovereign of this palace and of me. You did not disregard the entreaties of ugliness and deformity, and you, therefore, deserve the smiles and blandishments of beauty."

* * * * * *

Reader, thou mayest perhaps feel anxious to be acquainted with this lady, who thus lavishly bestowed her favors on our knight. It was the fairy Ursella, who, in those days, presided over the fates of our warriors, and befriended poor and needful cavaliers.

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

FOR a few minutes Sidney lingered near the spot where Barbara sat, half-hidden by the draperies of the richly decorated room, and then he finished his short dialogue with some casual acquaintance, and sauntered into a small boudoir opening on the opposite side from the ball-room, where card-tables were prepared for the elder part of the guests.

How lonely Barbara felt after he was gone!

It was indeed the "solitude of a crowd" that oppressed her, and for the first time in her life she realized the full desolation of being alone among a multitude.

Again and again she witnessed the cordial greetings of friends; again and again she saw girls of her own age, and of even less pretensions to attractiveness, led away to join the dancers in the next room.

She watched the half-concealed anxiety, sudden gleam of pleasure as the turn of each came, and her heart sank as she felt her own isolation from even such a trifling distinction, such a fleeting pleasure as being chosen for a waltz.

As the minutes passed away, and at last every guest had arrived, Barbara grew yet more heart-chilled and sad at the contrast between her neglected self and the gay butterflies of fashion, wealth and youth, who sported so merrily in those rooms.

The quadrille had given place to a waltz, a waltz to the Lancers, and again the music had struck up a favorite polka-mazourka, and still Barbara sat, in her half-hidden corner, watching through the half-open doors those graceful figures flitting about the brilliant ball-room, and listening to the gay laugh and silvery-voiced repartee, as the dancers promenaded in the intervals of their exertions.

It was sadly like Paradise and the Peri to poor Barbara—not because she considered the ball-room as the highest pleasure life could bestow, but from the irresistible sense of extreme loneliness, the feeling that forced itself upon her, that she was indeed but a stray, unwelcome, unloved waif in a world where she had no place, no duties, no necessity even to live.

The bloom that had mantled over her cheek, the flash that had given brilliancy to her eyes, was fast fading into the pale sadness of the morning's look, and a half-bitter smile came over her lips as she thought of the superfluous care that had been bestowed on her unobserved toilette, and the vain folly with which she had contemplated its effect.

Indeed, as is often the case, Barbara's charms were fast disappearing at the very moment when they might have been of the greatest service, and in a few more minutes she began to debate seriously on the possibility of retiring from the room.

Twice had Barbara half risen to leave her hiding-place, only restrained by the dread of the ordeal that a passage through the still crowded rooms would entail, and a half suspicion that Mrs. Forbes might think even an unauthorized exit from a scene where she had been unwelcome a blameable liberty.

And then she had shrunk back on her low ottoman to endure once more the pangs which only one so circumstanced could feel or imagine.

At last an accidental break in a circle that filled the room in which she sat again tempted her to leave her obscurity, and attempt to steal unnoticed through the guests.

There seemed no chance of her being wanted till the musical part of the evening began, and then of course a servant could be sent to summon her, should Pauline adhere to her fancy for the "Norma" duet.

She had just emerged from the half shelter in which had sat when a quick step close to her made her turn quickly round to meet the half-amused, half-reproachful smile of the perplexed Ernest Forbes.

She had never yet been able to read that face aright, and she was not singular in this inability to decipher the thoughts and intentions of the young baronet.

"What, my little recluse of the schoolroom, seeking equal seclusion in such a scene as this!" he exclaimed. "Fie, Miss Graham! I thought you understood the fitness of things better than that."

His eyes had given a quick, rapid glance to the blushing face and tastefully arrayed form, which certainly was not one of disappointment or disapproval; but it was too momentary for Barbara to perceive it.

"And I am not fitted for this place, then?" she said, looking up for an instant in his face and eyes that told of the quickness which caught up his words; "so I do not deserve your reproof."

"Humph!" said he, with his inexplicable smile; "opinions may differ on that, as on every other question, Miss Graham. I propose therefore that we discuss the matter, and give us both a chance of proving which is in the right during this same mysterious polka-mazourka that is just beginning."

Barbara looked up at him with a half-doubting, half-delighted look, which by no means diminished the amused expression of his own features; but he offered her his arm without waiting for a further reply, and led her into the dancing-room.

The circle of dancers was not so large as before, for many of the fair girls and their partners were rather inclined to avoid the chance of failure in a somewhat novel and difficult dance, and more were sitting down or leaning carelessly against the walls, than would have been the case at any other moment.

Barbara saw in an instant the looks of surprise that her appearance on Sir Ernest's arm excited, and caught the whispered inquiry of "Who is she?" pronounced in tones that varied between surprise and displeasure at the intrusion of the stranger in such company as Sir Ernest's.

The young baronet, however, did not appear to notice the excitement they occasioned, but quietly led his partner to the top of the room, and prepared to follow Pauline, who was just leading off with a young officer of the Guards.

Barbara had not time to indulge any nervous alarms before she found herself whirling in the circle on the strong arm of her protector, to the inspiring music of a band such as had never before given spirit and precision to her graceful movements.

It was an amusing triumph for Barbara's patron, as Sir Ernest might be considered, to watch the looks of the observers of both sexes as they whirled round the room or stood for an instant to gain breath.

They spoke so plainly of surprise, involuntary admiration and curiosity, that a quick observer like Sir Ernest could see at a glance all the unconscious homage thus rendered to the debutante, and to which he had perhaps contributed even more largely than any one suspected; and certainly no one of taste or discernment could have refused to admire that young pair as they moved along in the graceful dance.

Sir Ernest had suddenly recovered his powers, and proved himself worthy of his continental training, by the extreme ease and lightness and correct time of his movements, while Barbara would scarcely have been recognized by any one who had known her in other days.

The flush which the scene and the excitement brought to her cheeks made her complexion and eyes perfectly brilliant and dazzling, and the slightly parted lips displayed so regular and white a row of teeth, that the somewhat irregular size of the mouth appeared only a new charm.

Then the extreme youth and novelty of her appearance, the grace of her exquisite dancing, and the evident enjoyment of the scene, created not only an excitement among the men, but an uneasy feeling of envy and surprise among the girls, who watched the unwelcome appearance of a new rival.

At last the music stopped; Sir Ernest offered his arm to the nearly breathless and excited girl, who now for the first time had leisure to comprehend the whole of this formidable scene.

"Courage," whispered Sir Ernest again. "Can you not trust me? Come, you must not discredit my chaperonage. Remember, you are superior to these fair butterflies in all that makes woman truly noble. Why should you fear such empty criticism?"

The girl's high, proud spirit, that had become wellnigh crushed and subdued under the long sense of dependence and contempt, rose at these kind, inspiriting words, and she passed through the buzzing throng with a mien as removed from awkward embarrassment as from sudden inflated vanity.

But she could not avoid hearing the half-audible exclamations of, "By Jove! a splendid girl!"—"Who is she?"—"How very odd no one knows her! She doesn't dance badly; but she looks quite unformed."—"I wonder at Sir Ernest."

Sir Ernest perhaps heard this also; of course he did.

But no one could have imagined that his senses had not become suddenly blunted, for he walked on with an unconcerned expression on his features.

But there was a lurking, mischievous twinkle in his eyes that booted little gratification to the fair critics on his strange charge, and Barbara would have felt half afraid of him, had not the extreme kindness and respect of his manner to herself reassured her.

On he led her, through that gay throng, till he and Pauline were resting after fatigue, with half-a-dozen cavaliers in her train, each vying with the other in ministering to her real or fancied wants.

"Pauline," he said, with the firm, low tone which the girl had by that time learnt to respect, "will you make room for your friend?"

Pauline looked sharply, angrily at the unexpected girl that stood before her.

Even her intimate knowledge of Barbara would scarcely have helped her to recognize her; and, for the first time, a pang of envy and jealousy shot through Pauline's heart.

She knew that she was unrivalled in her own style of beauty, and that she could fear no comparison with the loveliest girl in her own circle.

But the intellectual, noble style of the "humble" companion, the high-bred, unconscious carriage of the well-set head; those splendid eyes, which her own light-blue ones could not pretend to equal—with that, it was simply a matter of taste whether she bore away the palm or not.

But that was not all that fixed and irritated the angry gaze of the heiress.

There was a transformation far more extraordinary to her ideas in the graceful, becoming toilette.

Where and how could the humble dependent have obtained the tasteful wreath and robe; she had neither money nor friends, so far as Pauline knew, who could have worked the transformation, unless Ernest Forbes, her favored cousin, her intended lover, had become the champion and benefactor of the obscure orphan?

The hot, angry blood mantled in her lovely cheeks as the idea crossed her mind, and her lips parted as if for a bitter retort, which would have been as fatal to her own chance of winning the coveted prize as crushing to the poor victim of her jealousy.

But Ernest was not so unacquainted with woman's heart as to be unprepared for the probable consequences of his daring proceedings, or unskilled in averting them.

"For my sake, Lina," he whispered, as he stooped to pick a flower from her bouquet, with the privileged familiarity of a cousin.

The effect was as magical as flattering to the speaker.

Pauline's face brightened into its most dazzling smile—a smile that might well have bewitched a far harder heart than that of Ernest Forbes, and she turned to the doubting girl at her side with an apparently affectionate and encouraging whisper.

But though Ernest caught the look, and the first words of the sentence, he did not hear the last, nor see the sharp glance which Pauline's glance emitted as she bent down over the partition that divided the seats from each other.

"Barbara," she said, "how wonderfully changed you are! And your dress, too!—I must hear how that has been accomplished afterwards."

Then the fair head was raised, and a brilliant repartee flung in gay defiance to some vapid compliment of her late partner.

"Will you not introduce me to your friend?" he said, in perhaps a man-like revenge for her polished sharpness. "I see they are forming another quadrille."

Pauline made a half-impatient gesture of refusal, but the steady eyes were fixed on her, and she dared not trifle with the strong will that asserted itself unmistakeably.

"Miss Barbara Graham—Captain Paget," she said.

Without a word of further comment she turned to Ernest, with a half-appealing look, as if she expected at least her reward for the forbearance; but the young man only gave an answering, kindly smile, and lounged carelessly to another and less distinguished little group at some distance from them.

"Miss Holder, will you trust yourself to me for the next waltz?" he said to a young lady, perhaps the least distinguished for beauty in the room.

"If you will ask me for the Lancers just forming, I shall be most happy," she replied; "but I am not quite humble enough to risk odious comparisons."

"I do not understand you," he said, with an answering smile.

"Why, I do not choose to succeed that graceful, distinguished-looking girl you danced with just now," she replied. "Who is she? I never met her before."

"She is Miss Graham," he replied, "that is all I can tell you; a friend of my cousin Pauline's."

"She is very distinguished-looking," said Miss Holder, still following the retreating form of the unconscious Barbara, "though not strictly pretty. But who can look well by the side of Pauline? I never saw but one girl I thought handsome in her own style."

"Who was that?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't suppose you would think so," she said laughingly, as she took his arm. "But still, Lilian Joddrell is as lovely as any girl can be. I hoped she would have been here to-night. Lady Joddrell's brother is in the card-room, I know; a splendid-looking man he is too. I am half in love with him."

"Is there not a young fellow—a brother or nephew? I have heard Pauline speak of him," said Ernest.

"Yes, and a remarkably handsome young fellow, too," she replied, with an arch glance at her companion. "But people say he is engaged, or nearly so, to Lilian, and that is the reason she is kept in the background at present; and I dare say he stayed away from this ball because she is not here. So you need not be jealous, Sir Ernest."

"Thank you, Miss Holder, I am in no danger," said he. "Suppose we take our places here."

It was vis-a-vis to Barbara and Captain Paget, and Barbara's face lighted up as she saw the arrangement.

She felt that she could have gone through anything, with such kind care and thoughtfulness bestowed on her.

"Is it not strange," said Miss Holder, whose eye seemed irresistibly attracted to Barbara; "but I see a likeness—something at least, that reminds me so forcibly of the portrait of my mother's half-sister. I would almost have imagined it was her daughter, but that it is impossible."

"Was her name Graham?" asked Sir Ernest, with an interest for which he could not account to himself.

"No, I think not," she replied; "but the fact was, there was always rather a cloud over her story, and we girls were seldom allowed to talk about her, or ask any questions. My aunt was—don't be shocked—an actress; but one, I must add, of the most gifted and pure-minded women of the profession, as mamma has more than once told me."

"Indeed, Miss Holder," said Sir Ernest, who could not restrain a smile at his companion's candor, "I have lived too long abroad to feel the slightest prejudice against a profession which requires the greatest talent as well as the strongest courage and fortitude to secure success. But, as you have been so frank with me, may I venture to ask why Mrs. Holder was so reserved on the subject? I suppose your aunt's choice was against her family's wish."

"As usual," she said, gaily. "I am chattering like a giddy child, to a stranger, about what cannot interest him. However, as I have been so silly, I may as well explain, as well as I can, what seems strange in the affair. But I hope you have a talent for genealogy."

A turn in the dance suspended the dialogue for a few moments, and then the gay girl resumed.

"You must know then that mamma and her half-sister divided the gifts of this life between them,—my own dear mamma had fortune, and her sister great talent. But unluckily Aunt Sibyl was as proud as she was clever, and insisted on taking her own way to independence by becoming an actress; whereupon her step-mother completely spurned her, and forbade any intercourse between her and my mamma. After some time she married, but, as mamma told me in a fit of unusual confidence, against the will of her husband's family, and, of course, was as unlucky as such improper damsels are supposed to deserve to be."

"And she was like Barbara Graham?" said Sir Ernest, reflectively.

"Exceedingly, to judge from her portrait," replied Miss Holder. "The same brilliant eyes and proud face. Yes, the more I look at her, the stronger the likeness appears."

"It is strange, very strange," observed Sir Ernest. "Is your aunt living still, do you know?"

"I believe not," she replied; "at least I do not think so. But, for goodness' sake, Sir Ernest, say no more about her, or I shall feel a terrible culprit for talking so giddily. Why, it would be a matter for bread and water, and locking up for a week, to let the Joddrells know that I have ever heard of my dear aunt."

"And why?" he asked; "what have the Joddrells to do with the matter?"

"Really, Sir Ernest, you are as bad as a woman," laughed the girl, merrily. "But I cannot tell you more than that the most awful restrictions and penalties are always put on me before the Joddrells or Mr. Ashley. I have, however, some vague idea that my respected and respectable uncle must have been connected with that family in some of its branches."

"I must beg your pardon, Miss Holder," said Sir Ernest, looking kindly on the frank-hearted girl, "but I assure you the confidence is perfectly safe, and I am much flattered by the trust you have placed in me."

"Pray, Sir Ernest, do not be flattered at all," she cried gaily. "I am afraid it would have come out just the same if you had been your own grandfather."

"I am flattered at the comparison," he said smiling, "as much as if I had received the confidence from your grandmother."

They now parted for the "grand chain."

When Sir Ernest again received Kate Holder, and led her back to the seat, the subject was dropped.

Barbara had watched with intense interest the sole friend she possessed in that crowded assembly.

Kate Holder's glances had not been unnoticed by her, though the frank-hearted girl was too amiable to let her observation of her new acquaintance be too visible, and Barbara found herself wondering whether it were possible that they were talking of her, and whether Pauline's friend might not be expressing surprise that the obscure, unknown companion should be admitted in such a circle.

Barbara was far too engrossed to half comprehend her partner's graceful compliments, and it was fortunate for her reputation as a debutante that Captain Paget happened to turn the conversation on music, of which he was passionately fond, and thus her most ruling taste was called into play.

"I am sure you sing divinely," he said, as he led her to a seat near where Miss Holder was resting.

Barbara was not, however, in the slightest degree embarrassed by such vapid commonplace.

"I sing in tolerable tune and time, I believe," she replied, with a touch of archness that made her absolutely pretty. "But what know we of angels, Captain Paget?" she added, gaily enough, "unless, indeed, there is one."

She glanced at Pauline, who, in her beautiful white dress and azure ornaments, had indeed a most spirituelle air, as she passed lightly through her guests, dispensing smiles and gay repartees in all directions.

"She is most lovely," he replied, warmly. "I never saw anyone I thought more beautiful."

Barbara's thoughts flew to one whom she knew to be as lovely, if not even more bewitching in her girlish, radiant beauty, and she did not reply.

"You do not agree with me?" he said, half-reprovingly.

"I think her very beautiful," said Barbara.

"Is there any one you think more so?" he pursued, struck perhaps by her thoughtful air, and, with a coxcombical vanity, thinking perhaps that it was a matter of pique with his partner.

"Yes," she replied, half-dreamily, and with a look of sadness in her face.

"May I ask her name?" he inquired.

"Miss Joddrell," she replied, half-impatiently, her lips for the first time giving to her sister that formal, strange appellation.

"Philip Joddrell's cousin?" he continued.

"Yes," she replied.

Captain Paget uttered a significant "Whew!" but his eyes met those of Kate Holder, and he saw by her look that she had heard at least the last part of their conversation.

It was an awkward moment, but fortunately for all parties there was a sudden move to the music-room, and most of the young guests followed in Pauline's wake.

Sir Ernest had watched his opportunity, and approached them.

"Miss Graham, Pauline will need your assistance," he said. "May I take you to her?"

Captain Paget was piqued at the flash of pleasure that came from his companion's eyes, and he said, quickly, "I claim that privilege; I have just been dancing with Miss Graham."

"And therefore cannot be a monopolist, by all rules of justice and courtesy," replied Sir Ernest, carelessly, and leading her away as he spoke.

Barbara half laughed at the Cinderella-like change in her position.

The scorned, humbly-dressed, obscure dependent, the scarcely recognized orphan, to be the courted partner, the contested charge of two men of rank and fashion; and as she thought, with a bitter smile, in another hour the change would be as magical, back to the poor, neglected, plain Barbara of old; still, with the impulsive enthusiasm of her nature, and her intense appreciation of all that was beautiful and refined in Nature and Art, she could not help throwing herself into the full enjoyment of the scene; and her expressive face was bright and happy with the intense feeling of admiration which the music, the tasteful figures that crowded the brilliant apartment and the excitement and novelty of the whole entourage, created.

The duets, trios, and solos that formed the programme of the brief concert, were now begun in earnest, and Barbara knew that her turn would soon come; but through her heart throbbed a little at the unusual publicity of the scene, she knew her own powers too well to fear any real failure, and Ernest's former whispered words, "You must not discredit my chaperonage," still acted like a charm on her heart.

She would not discredit him, and a beautiful bloom flushed on her cheek, which was more striking from its contrast with the creamy tint that her skin wore in the artificial lights.

The moments went swiftly on; the room became crowded as the performance proceeded; but only one figure that entered among the throng attracted Barbara's eyes, it was the noble, commanding form of Sidney Ashley, the friend and benefactor of her childhood; and she was to sing before him to whom she owed the cultivation of that talent—before him and before Ernest Forbes.

Could a nature like hers have a stronger motive to exertion of its utmost powers?

The piece was called, and Barbara rose in an instant, and sat down to play the accompaniment on the splendid instrument which she was so rarely permitted to touch.

The tones she drew out were so superior in richness, the touch so masterly, that every sound seemed hushed in a moment.

All seemed to recognize some unusual claim on their attention even before the rich full-toned voice burst on their ears, or Barbara began her part of the melody.

Pauline's tones were sweet and brilliant, and mingled well with Barbara's magnificent voice; but the merest tyro could perceive that it was supported and regulated by her companion's, and that to the striking-looking stranger belonged the real honor of that successful performance.

An irrepressible burst of applause followed, and then, as Barbara rose from the instrument, Sidney Ashley stood close by her, with his quiet, commanding look and tone.

"Will you sing 'In questa tomba?'" he asked.

"I am sure I shall be supported in my presuming to make the variation from the programme."

A low murmur of applause, led by Ernest Forbes, was the reply.

Barbara would not, had her very life depended on it, have refused the request of her benefactor; and, without a shadow of hesitation or timidity, she again sat down and began the air.

It was thrilling, exciting, to hear that rich, expressive voice; and the final "Ingrata, Ingrata" was listened to almost in breathless silence.

Then came a burst of irrepressible applause, as Barbara arose hastily from the piano, and availed herself of the opening made for her by Sidney Ashley to hurry altogether from the scene of her involuntary triumph.

There was a vacant seat in a remote and half-shaded corner of the room, and Mr. Ashley led her to it.

"I scarcely knew you to-night," he said, as he stood before her, so as to shield her from the observation which he saw was painful to her.

"You are another creature since we met last."

"Do you think then that externals change the inward feeling?" she said, raising her eyes reproachfully.

"Not exactly," he replied; "but you have been happy to-night."

"Happy!" she replied.

"No, surely this is not to be called happiness."

"Yet you looked bright and excited just now," said Sidney.

"It was new, so new to me," said Barbara.

"And you found it charming?" he continued.

"I found it charming to receive kindness; to see and feel that there were those who pitied the lonely orphan," she replied.

"And pleased with the marked admiration," said Sidney.

"Oh, woman, woman! always alike, vain and superficial."

Barbara flushed indignantly; but a glance at the sad yet bitter expression on Sidney's face changed her anger into sympathy.

"You are unjust," she said gently. "I was pleased, very pleased, as you, and Sir Ernest, appeared to like my singing; you, because you had enabled me to gratify my love of music, then pitying a pain, obscure, unknown child; and Sir Ernest, because he has been so good to me, the humblest and least attractive girl in the room.

"That was all I cared for."

Sidney looked earnestly, penetratingly, in her upturned face; but there was no doubting the truth and honesty of those expressive, fearless eyes.

"And you felt no pleasure in the applause you received?" he said.

"Yes, for your sake and his," she replied.

There was a noble simplicity in the avowal that at once amused and appealed to the best feelings of Sidney Ashley.

But it was not in his nature to demonstrate even his feelings, and still less than ever after the one deep disappointment of his life.

"And the sorrow of which you spoke when we last met—is that still fresh in your heart?" he asked.

"Is it kind not to allow me one minute's respite?" said Barbara, tears springing into her eyes.

"There is little fear of my being too happy or forgetting that the only being I have a claim on, is for ever separated from me."

"Forgive me," said Ashley, taking her hand, and pressing it kindly in his.

"I did not mean to be so cruel; but if you could know all the distrust in human affections, and truth and stability which a long life has taught me, you would pardon my probing thus unsparingly the first woman in whom I believed I had discovered them.

"Child, remember from this hour that you have one friend who believes in you, and who trust you, and thanks you that you have made him feel that he is not alone in his sorrow."

He pressed her hand once more, and then there was silence between them, for a single voice rose full, and rich, and masterlike, and the murmur of voices which a brilliant overture played by Kate Holder had covered, was again hushed.

It was Ernest Forbes who sang; and the air he had chosen was the *"Tutte e Sciolto,"* from the Lucia di Lammermoor.

Sidney Ashley's face was fixed and pale as he listened; and before the last note had sounded, he had left the room, not to appear again that night.

CHAPTER XII.

JONAS Bowen had but recently arrived in the great metropolis, and yet he seemed well acquainted with its intricacies, to judge from the undeviating and unhesitating course he took on the following morning to the interview with the female whom he called "Lady Esther," but whose poor and obscure lodgings were taken under the name of Madame Dupont.

Jonas left his own scarcely less obscure abode in Westminster about half-past nine, and walked leisurely through the Strand towards Temple Bar; then he divided into the recesses of the streets about Lincoln's Inn till he came to an obscure sort of square or rather enlarged court-yard, where some gloomy sets of houses were let into chambers and offices for the less distinguished class of legal practitioners, besides others far less creditable in their occupation.

At one of these, on which, among others, the name of Mr. Danton was written, Jonas stopped, and ascended the dirty flight of stairs to the first landing, and then knocked at the door, which also bore that name.

"Is Mr. Danton at home?" he asked of a dirty boy who answered the summons.

"I don't know," was the cautious reply.

"You mean you don't choose to know," said Jonas, coolly.

"Tell Mr. Danton an old friend that he will be glad to meet, wants to see him, and that he has business of importance."

The lad disappeared, and in a few minutes returned with a more assured air.

"This way, sir," said he, glancing, however, at Jonas's rather shabby garments. "Mr. Danton will see you at once."

Jonas nodded carelessly, and followed the lad to the room where the said Mr. Danton awaited him.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a bushy, iron-grey head of hair, standing up like bristles over a face that presented a curious study to a close observer.

The complexion was dark, but not sallow; his nose finely shaped and aquiline, but with a keen, sharp look in the dark eyes that spoke of a quick acute brain, and an acquaintance of men and things that had perhaps been chiefly acquired in a painful and dangerous experience, but still had not been thrown away on the man whose knowledge had been thus bought.

The lips were rather thin and compressed and the teeth remarkably good and even, which might perhaps account in some measure for the expression that was seen at times on that singular face, namely, a smile that lightened it up, and gave almost a kindly, pleasant look to the dark, harsh features.

But whether it was a delusive knitting of the mere physical face, or an indication of kindly good feeling, only hidden and soured by unlucky circumstances, was a problem that few, if any, who knew Ralph Danton, had ever solved.

But the eyes were the most striking part of that strange face.

They could pierce like a stiletto point, or look kind and gentle as a woman's, or watch each look and gesture with the acute, earnest observation of a detective officer; and, wherever you might be in the room, they followed you, and appeared fixed like the eyes of a picture.

Truly Ralph Danton was a riddle, and no one but himself, perhaps, could have decided whether he was all bad, hard and treacherous, or whether some good lurked beneath the surface.

He looked up with those keen dark eyes at the visitor as he entered; but, for a few minutes, he scarcely seemed to recognize his presence.

Jonas walked quietly forward to the table where he sat, and without waiting for an invitation, took a chair near him.

Still his eyes were fixed on the papers over which he was bending, and Jonas remained unnoticed and silent for some minutes longer ere Danton looked up.

Then a slight cough, a clearing of the throat, an impatient movement of the chair, seemed to attract his attention, and he turned to his visitor with a cool, questioning glance, that rather demanded explanation than offered apology for his seeming rudeness. "Well?" said he.

"Well," repeated Jonas, with a composure as imperturbable as his own.

"What have you done, man?" said Danton.

"Don't trifle with me—I am in no mood for such folly. Tell me at once. What success?"

"I have found her," said Jonas; "talked to her."

A deep flush passed over Danton's features for a moment; but he suppressed all sign of agitation, and merely ejaculated, coolly, "Go on."

"She is poor," said Jonas, "wretchedly poor; but as proud and haughty as ever ——"

Danton suddenly interrupted him—rather with one of the keen looks which those eyes could so well flash from their dark depths, than by words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOST TREASURES.—Much antique statuary, rare and admirable, remains to us, but where does that Venus lie hidden, the matchless handiwork of Praxiteles, with which a certain youth was so love-stricken that he lost his very senses? The Colossus of Rhodes was 70 cubits high, the masterpiece of Chares of Lindum. It stood upright for 66 years, and then fell in mighty ruin, caused by the shock of an earthquake. Having been consecrated to the sun, the brass of which it was founded was held sacred, and so it remained until the Mohammedan conquest of Rhodes, when 900 camels were loaded with the brazen spoils of the famous image, and quietly carried them all away. In the Golden House of Nero, at Rome, hard by the Colosseum, was his own Colossus, 120 feet high, and modeled to resemble him; some say that a huge hand is still extant at Rome, the sole remnant of this mighty statue. When the library of Constantine was burned by Leo the Isaurian, at Constantinople, there is said to have perished the intestines of a dragon, 120 feet long, on which was written the whole of the Iliad and the Odyssey in letters of gold.

AN OLD BISCUIT.—For some time Texas has been rejoicing in the possession of what was declared to be the oldest biscuit in the country—a biscuit which a soldier carried home from the war in his pocket. Twenty years did seem a tolerable age for any article of food, but it is never safe to boast of antiquity until Boston has been heard from. True to her fame, Boston now steps smilingly forward with two biscuits which were brought to this country in 1630 by Robert Pierce and Ann his wife in the good ship Mary and John, Captain Squeb. In 1640 Robert Pierce built the house which one of his descendants now occupies, and which has never been owned or occupied by any but his male descendants, and is believed to be one of the oldest dwelling houses now in the limits of Boston. The bread spoken of appears to be made from coarse oatmeal, and is as dry and hard as wood, so that there is no reason why it may not last 250 years longer. It has never been out of the house except on two occasions. It has been carefully guarded with several articles of furniture, a cane, etc., handed down from father to son, but never allowed to be taken from the house.

Scientific and Useful.

CEMENT FOR RUBBER.—Powdered shellac, is softened in ten times its weight of water of ammonia, whereby a transparent mass is obtained; which becomes fluid after keeping some little time without the use of hot water. In three or four weeks the mixture is perfectly liquid, and when applied it will be found to soften the rubber. As soon as the ammonia evaporates, the rubber hardens again—it is said quite firmly—and thus becomes impervious to gases and liquids. For cementing sheet rubber, or rubber material in any shape, to metal, glass, and other smooth surfaces, the cement is highly recommended.

AIR-BAGS.—An effective improvement in the application of the air-bag method of preventing ships from sinking, or assisting in case of an accident causing a serious leak has been invented in England. According to this, if the ship has sprung a leak or been otherwise damaged, and is expected to go down, each of the flexible bags is filled with air as quickly as possible; and by easily managed adjustments the wing, stay, bar, and rope enable the bag to be thrown over-board and hauled down into the water, into the position required. All the operations thus involved may, it is stated, be performed in the short space of eighteen minutes from the time of disaster, thus affording the needed protection against the worst. Means are provided for filling and hauling down several bags at the same time according to the number of hands employed, each bag with its apparatus being independent of the others.

TO POLISH SHELLS.—Many shells naturally possess so fine a polish that no preparation is considered necessary for placing them in the cabinet. In general, however, it happens that when shells become dry, they lose much of their natural lustre. This may be very easily restored by washing them with a little water in which a small portion of gum arabic has been dissolved, or with the white of an egg. This is the simplest of those processes which are employed, and is used not only by the mere collector, but by the scientific arranger. There are many shells of a very plain appearance on the outside, by reason of a dull epidermis, or skin, with which they are covered. This is removed by steeping the shell in warm water, and then rubbing it off with a brush. When the epidermis is thick, it will be found necessary to mingle with the water a small portion of nitric acid, which, by dissolving part of the shell, destroys the adhesion. This last agent must be employed with great caution, since it destroys the lustre on every part exposed to its influence. The new surface must be polished with leather, assisted by tripoli; but in many cases where even these are ineffectual, the file and pumice-stone may be employed to rub off the coarse external layers.

Farm and Garden.

THE QUALITY OF GRAIN.—An eminent authority insists that the quality of grain is best when the plants stand sparsely. In root crops, also, the larger tubers are, within certain limits, the larger the space allotted to their growth; and in general the production of plants increases with the size of the space, because abundance of room implies enough of light, heat, and moisture, and such a healthy condition of the plant that it is capable of resisting parasites.

SPONGE THE HORSES.—Dumb beasts suffer frightfully when the mercury is in the nineties. Street car horses and the animals compelled to drag trucks and heavy vehicles through the streets under the scorching rays of the sun, endure unheard of torture while their drivers are ignorantly urging them forward. It would be wisdom on the part of the men to sponge their horses' mouths as often as possible, and to bonnet and sponge their heads whenever they can. Men who are supported by their horses should be kind to them.

CARE OF PIGS.—Pigs are provided with a peculiar glandular duct upon the fore legs behind the knee. This gland secretes a substance similar to that discharged by the sebaceous or perspiratory glands, and which is discharged by the duct. When this orifice is closed by dirt or dried matter from it the function of this portion of the skin is arrested, and the matter is absorbed by the blood, and forms a source of irritation, causing swelling and lameness, as if from rheumatism, which is really a blood disorder. The remedy is to cleanse the part with warm water and soap and some rough substance, such as a corncob, by which the gathered matter can be easily removed.

PASTURES.—A good permanent pasture, handy to the barn-yard, is very convenient, almost a necessity, on every well regulated farm. Such a field needs to be well fertilized and cared for, that it may give the best returns in an abundant supply of green food, for farm stock. A top-dressing of fine well-rotted manure in winter is excellent, but if not done, a dressing of 50 to 100 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre may be applied. It is best to sow this just before a shower, that the rain may carry this very soluble food to the roots of the plants. After supplying the necessary fertilizers, it is important not to overstock the pasture. Let the adjustment between the number of animals and the capacity of the field be such, that there may be good feeding throughout the whole season. If such a pasture has a natural spring, its value is much increased.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

Terms, Without Premium:

$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE,

which includes the payment of the Postage by us.

CLUBS.

One copy one year	$2 00
Two copies one year	3 50
Three copies one year	5 00
Four copies one year	6 00
Five copies one year	8 50
Ten copies one year	15 00
Twenty copies one year	28 00

☞ An extra copy free to a person getting up a club of five or more. Additions may be made to clubs at any time during the year at the same rate.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Presenting the Bride!

PLEASE REMEMBER THAT OUR NEW PREMIUM, "PRESENTING THE BRIDE" IS ONLY OFFERED TO THOSE WHO SEND $2 FOR A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION AND FIVE THREE-CENT STAMPS TO PAY POSTAGE AND PACKING ON PREMIUM.

Club subscribers must also pay as above to be entitled to this Premium.

The Premium cannot be purchased by itself; it can only be obtained in connection with THE POST. Only one premium will be sent with each subscription. Where a second premium is desired, another subscription will have to be sent.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

(Lock Box 5.) 726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 23, 1881.

Contents.

SERIALS — "RED RIDING-HOOD," "BARBARA GRAHAM," and "THE BROKEN RING."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMOROUS.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
FEMININITIES.
FACETIÆ.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

"RED RIDING-HOOD."

In this issue of THE POST we give the first instalment of an absorbing story, entitled "Red Riding-Hood," by the author of "Penkivel; or, The Mystery of St. Eglon," and other favorite serials. It is the very best in all respects its talented author has yet written, and we can commend it to our readers in the certainty that they will find its perusal in the highest degree enjoyable.

VOLUME SIXTY-TWO.

With this number THE POST begins its sixty-second annual volume. There is no paper of its class in America that can lay claim to so long a life, and very few of any kind that have had a longer period of existence. Since 1821 to the present is vastly more than the average age of man, yet we are glad to see and say that there still remain upon our books the names of many of those who read the first number of THE POST, and read it with the old satisfaction to-day.

That THE POST is now so hale and hearty is due to very simple causes. There are many points of resemblance between the career of a public journal and a private individual. Let each make it a point to follow only those rules which are dictated by sound sense and good judgment, and the result must be the same: stability, strength, health, and prosperity.

That THE POST has always tried to move in these grooves, the past amply testifies. That it has retained through the mutations of considerably over half a century many of its first readers, proves how well it has followed the purposes with which it set out: the entertainment and instruction of its patrons.

And it is an additional satisfaction to note that while thousands of old friends have drifted away from us—for when the fields are ripe the wheat must be garnered—we have made as many new ones, who, if not as old, have at least been as close and fervent.

Therefore, in entering upon our new volume, we only point to what we have done, and have been, as our guides for the future. Whatever it is in our power to do to make THE POST and its readers wiser and happier, that we will always endeavor to accomplish.

PETTY JEALOUSY.

We do not mean the traditional "green-eyed monster," whose birth is the advance guard of coming mischief, if not serious trouble, and who seems to be almost a twin brother of our well-known playful little Cupid, nor yet the envious pang of mortified pride, which sometimes enters even the humblest heart, in spite of our best efforts to drive it away, when we see another reach the goal which we had hoped to be the first to enter—but that mysterious, quiet, almost imperceptible feeling which is often awakened in some breasts by the simplest act of kindness done to a friend, but an act in which they had no share in thought or deed.

Such a mean little jealousy as it is—so very little, that its harborer feels too much ashamed to give it utterance by either word or look, and yet strong enough to make its presence so unmistakably felt that there can be no doubt of its existence. And being such a small, petty feeling, it is perhaps only natural that trifling circumstances should be the ones to give it birth.

Sometimes a near friend will make advances to another unthinkingly—advances which, even if they are accepted and returned, can affect a third party's interest in no possible way, and which he has no legitimate cause to notice aggressively, either by right or reason. Nothing is openly said or done by which suspicion could be entertained for a moment that any offence had been given, yet a—what shall we say?—not a coolness—it is not enough to be called a decided coolness—but a little feeling evidently exists, revealed only in an odd tone of the voice, or a stray glance accidentally met, and perhaps not fully understood until long after, when in the light of other circumstances the past is to a certain extent revealed.

We are obliged to declare that this petty jealousy is essentially a woman's failing, and one from which it is doubtful if the most perfect of her sex is absolutely free. Though possessing the coarser nature of the two, a man has a larger mind—he must have to sustain his position. Show us a small-minded man, and we will show you a hen-pecked husband.

Therefore, little things which will sometimes unfortunately rankle in a woman's heart until she makes a veritable mountain out of a mole-hill, pass unnoticed by the sterner portion of humanity, and would that both sexes could be made alike in this respect.

The votaries of this uncharitableness—this petty jealousy—are a degree lower than downright slanderers, though belonging to the same family. A slanderer is—more by force of circumstances, perhaps, than any good intention—more courageous, giving the sufferer a chance to refute the slander, and, if worth while, punish its author. But the uncharitable tongue is a cowardly one at best; "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." It lacks nothing of the venom of its fellow thief—only the latter's courage to openly assail its prey—and its principal weapon is perversion of the truth. And when will you find the "spirit more willing" than when a little jealousy is at work?

SANCTUM CHAT.

TRICYCLING is highly recommended as a healthful recreation by those who have tested it. One eminent English literary man asserts that he has received more benefit from one hour's use of the vehicle than he could have obtained from three hours' walking. He also contends that by abandoning cigars and taking up tricycling, he has entirely cured bilious headaches, from which he has suffered for a long time.

—

A NEW YORK *Herald* reporter has been interviewing those in that city whom the census-takers report as from 90 to 100 years old, and he does not find a single case among the 29 set down as centenarians where the claim of being 100 years old can be supported by proof. They are nearly all natives of Ireland, or colored people, who have no means of knowing exactly how old they are. One who is put down at 104 is only 80 years old.

—

A PROMINENT London paper advocates medical tribunals to take the place of expert testimony. In speaking of a recent case in England, the editor says: "This may be taken as a typical and striking example of a class of cases which must always be liable to misconception, to the lasting discredit of justice, so long as lawyers think they can appraise the real value of medical evidence, and there is no medical tribunal to which to appeal in matters where there is any doubt."

—

VENNOR, the alleged weather prophet, has stated the grounds of his predictions to be as follows: First, on the principle of recurring periods in the weather at irregular but ascertainable intervals; second, from a close study of charts of the winters for past seasons, embracing a period of fifty years; third, from upward of eighteen years out-of-door and camp life, and original observations of the habits of birds and animals; fourth, from impressions intuitively formed, and not describable.

—

AN idea of the rapidity with which the unoccupied lands in the West are being taken up, is given in the report of the Grand Forks Land District, in the northeastern section of Dakota Territory. The district was established in 1880, with an area of 2,457,140 acres of tillable land, of which amount but 266,303 acres remain. The settlement of this land requires 10,369 freeholds, which indicate a population of 30,807 people. The estimated product of the land thus settled for the present year is eighteen million bushels.

—

THE German navy has determined to employ carrier-pigeons regularly in the coasting service, all the experiments made by the Prussian Government on the North Sea coast during the last six years having proved their value as a means of communication with lightships lying off the coast and with incoming vessels, in case the latter need assistance. The system of despatching the pigeons has been most thoroughly tested, and found to answer admirably, especially during the severe gales at the mouth of the Eider last autumn on two lightships out at sea.

—

REFUGE rooms and breathing tubes are the latest device for protecting the lives of miners, in case of explosion, fire, etc.,—these rooms being made of boiler plate or other serviceable material, and provided with air pumps, one pump to supply the room with air through a tube laid under the floor of the mine, to keep the tube from being injured—and connected with an air-shaft or a special blow-hole from the surface. The foul air is exhausted by a second air pump place in the room, and the foul air is thrown outside and prevented from returning by a stop-valve, or the rooms may be supplied with fresh air from the pumps or air-compressors above ground. The rooms are fitted with double doors, the inner door being provided with India rubber air-tight joints. Tubes fitted with breathing taps are laid to different parts of the mine, these tubes being connected with the refuge-rooms or otherwise supplied with fresh air.

—

THE theory that multitudinous high buildings and tapering spires so distribute electricity that severe and damaging thunderstorms are rare in great cities is strengthened by the fact that up to July 2, London had not been visited by a single thunderstorm, whereas fatal accidents from lightning had been unusually numerous in the Midland counties of England. The same theory is curiously contradicted by the records of the Berlin Fire Brigade, which show that recently, in a single hour, the brigade received twenty-eight calls to extinguish fires caused by lightning.

—

UNDER the new law Chinese going home to make a visit with the intention of returning to this country, will require a passport, but the identification of a Chinese is a difficult matter, he differs so slightly in appearance from thousands of his race. To prevent the possibility of fraud, it has been suggested that the authorities should take advantage of the fact that no two human heads are shaped exactly alike. It is proposed by the use of such a machine as hatters use for measurement, to represent upon every passport by small holes punched through it, the outline of a horizontal section of the owner's head.

—

THE wreck list of 1881 is a very bad one—indeed, the most disastrous on record for this or any country. During 1881, 2,039 vessels were wrecked throughout the world, and property to the value of $1,400,000,000 was destroyed. Of the latter, about $900,000,000 was owned in great Britain and its colonies, and about $275,000,000 in the United States. It is difficult to realize the the significance of these figures. It is not simply that 2,039 vessels were struck off the shipping registers of the world, and that in the balance sheet, for the year a thousand million dollars must be put on the wrong side of the balance. Truly, the ocean is a great absorber.

—

LADIES are content to endure a great deal of misery for mere fashion's sake at all times, but never is their fortitude more rudely tested than in the summer. Then they are fashion's slaves, indeed. They wear tightly-laced corsets, close-fitting dresses, laces, ribbons, crimps, bangles, heeled boots, and all that custom prescribes for the female form divine. It is a great pity that the dear creatures feel it incumbent upon themselves to ill-treat their bodies thus just because Mrs. Grundy has so ordained. If American girls would only exercise their freedom in this particular direction half as much as they do in others, it would be better for them.

—

THE Italians appear to have solved the problem of how to obtain a cheap supply of native oysters. The ground from which most of the oysters consumed in Southern Italy are are obtained is known as the "Mare Piccolo," or little sea, near Sarento, at the land's end of the peninsula familiarly known as the "heel of the boot." The system of cultivation appears to be as successful as it is simple. From April to November bundles of brushwood are submerged in the outer sea, and to these the spawn is found to readily attach itself. They are afterwards raised, and those on which the tiny oysters have settled are submerged in the "Mare Piccolo," where in about two years they attain their full size.

—

IT is stated that in certain parts of France important steps are to be taken to renew, through systematic athletic exercise, the ancient vigor of the present race. At Rheims has just been held a fete with two thousand young men from all sections of France taking part in it, which is declared to have been a part of the general scheme. The French Minister of Public Instruction was present at a banquet given subsequently, and said that if his hopes and plans were only carried out, France would, in a few years' time, "be able to point with pride to a race of active and manly youths somewhat different in physique and appearance from the pallid boys who loiter about a small court-yard, or walk in procession through the streets on half-holidays."

SUNSHINE.

BY Y. R.

We called her Sunshine, for her golden hair,
Her dove-gray eyes, her rosy lips, all shone
And gleamed with radiance, as from orb more fair
Than e'en the sun to look upon.

We know the light was over-great for earth
Of her pure innocence and guileless love.
Methinks the sun is brighter in yon sky
Since our sweet sunshine dwelleth there above!

Clare.

BY LEAH NORRIS.

GEORGIE! I fear you must put off going to Brighton for the present, unless you will go with the children without me. After all, why should you not do that, and take the governess with you?"

Mrs. Sanderson raised her large handsome eyes to her husband's face, and stopped in the act of filling the breakfast cups.

"What can you mean, Walter?" she said slowly. "I do not understand. Why must I go to Brighton without you?"

"Because, my dear, I must run down to Scotland instead. My mother wants me."

"Oh, your mother!" and a slight cloud came over her usually calm face.

She had not met with many disappointments in her married life as yet, and she had been looking for some time to this visit to Brighton.

"Yes; she writes that she would like me to go down as soon as I can."

"Is she ill, or what? Does she give no reason?"

"Well, no; I can't say she does; but I imagine somehow it is something about Clare."

"Clare! I daresay it is in. What is she doing now?

"Of course, you know, Walter, that I never interfere in any of your private family concerns; but in my opinion, you should strongly advise your mother just to give her her own way.

"A very short time of nursing in an infirmary would completely cure her of that whim.

"She is not the girl at all for that sort of thing, brought up as she has been, every one yielding to her, and running wild all over your father's estate followed by half a dozen dogs, and getting her own way in everything.

"I believe it would do her a great deal of good to go as a nurse to an infirmary."

"I have no doubt you are right, but I am certain my mother would never agree to it.

"Let me see. This is Thursday.

"I could go down on Saturday, and be back again by Wednesday morning early. That would give me three clear days there, and bring me home in time to take you to Brighton on the Thursday.

"That was the day you intended going, at any rate."

And so it was arranged.

Mr. Sanderson traveled down to Scotland the following Saturday, in obedience to his mother's summons.

He had already decided that some new freak of his sister was at the bottom of the whole thing, and therefore, though annoying to his mother, not likely to be at all difficult to manage.

When his long railway journey was ended, he found himself standing on the platform of the dreary little side station, being embraced and hugged in the most affectionate and open manner by his sister, a tall handsome girl, who utterly disregarded the presence of a country woman, who, setting down the largest of her many parcels and bundles, stood looking on with undisguised curiosity at this manifestation of affection amongst the "quality."

"You darling old boy! I'm so awfully glad to see you," said Clare.

"It is too nice for you to run down and see us in this way.

"Come along.

"Mamma will be in a fever until we get back again; for I am driving Frisky and Bolter to day.

"How are you all, Georgie and the children?

"You should have brought them with you.

"Why didn't you?

"However, it is too delicious to have you all to ourselves."

An unceasing flow of light-hearted affectionate talk convinced Mr. Sanderson that he had been doing his sister a great wrong in looking upon her as the cause of his hurried journey; and as he regarded her sitting beside him so bright and happy, driving her mad little ponies with reckless speed up hill and down dale, over stones and road corners, making the bleak moor ring with her pealing laughter whenever they encountered a severer 'bump' than usual, he almost felt as if he must apologise to her for having allowed such a thought to enter his mind.

There was nothing wrong with Clare—that was perfectly evident; not a hidden corner of thought, even in the chameleon nature—all was open as the day.

He was saved the necessity of further thinking by the sudden pulling-up of the ponies at the hall door.

"Take care!" laughed Clare as she saw him almost overbalanced by the extreme sharpness of the jerk.

"Ah! there mother.

"Have I not brought him home in good time?

"Just twenty-five minutes from the station, and the ponies going like lambs.

"No, Walter; I am not coming in at present; I always drive them round to the stables myself;" and off she drove, leaving her brother folded in the arms of his mother.

"I am so glad to see you, dear Walter. I was so thankful to get your letter this morning. It will be all right, now you have come."

And she led the way across the hall into the small room generally used by her and Clare when they were alone.

"Has Clare said anything to you? Dear boy! I am so anxious, that I can think of nothing else. Did Clare tell you anything?"

"Clare?" replied he. "Then it is Clare, after all!

"Wait until I get this glass of sherry swallowed, and then tell me what it is. Is it some new whim?"

"Oh, Walter, worse than any of her other whims.

"She says she is going to marry, to marry a horrid man, a vulgar, low kind of person!"

"Whew! That is a new whim with a vengence! I thought she had foresworn matrimony. But who is the man?"

"He is a cousin of Mrs. Monkton, and a missionary in some mining village. Clare met him there last year, when those revival meetings were going on. She told me he had given her a fortnight to make up her mind. Of course, he is marrying her for her money."

"We will let him know that she is almost entirely dependent on you, and that you won't give her a farthing, beyond the sum my father left her, if she marries without your consent.

"That will bring him to reason, I've little doubt."

"Yes; but the difficulty will be with her; she will not give him up. The worse and more unsuitable such a marriage would be, the greater, I verily believe, will be its attraction for her. When will you speak to her about this?"

"I would rather that Clare should open the subject of her own accord to me. I will get her to come with me when I smoke my cigar after dinner, and see what I can make of her."

On finding himself, after dinner, alone with his sister in the smoking-room, Walter spoke to her about it.

She confessed with a blush that she was engaged to be married.

"Engaged to be married, Clare! Who is the gentleman? You sly puss! And so it is 'first-love' which has improved you?"

"Oh, no, Walter. I am not 'in love,' as you suppose; and neither is he; but we esteem and like each other; and we can do more for the poor around if we are married than if we were single. He says he needs a lady to help him."

"But who is he, dear? You have not told me that."

"He is a cousin of Mrs. Monkton's, and is a very hard-working clergyman in a large and neglected mining village.

"His name is Moffat.

"He was here a good deal last year at the time of the revival meetings, and I got to know him then, but without any idea of marrying him; that has only been arranged a few days ago."

"You take away my breath, Clare. That is the very last marriage I should have expected a girl like you to make," said Walter.

"Ah, because you though me vain and frivolous.

"But, dear Walter, promise me that you will talk to my mother, and make her see what a noble and useful life is waiting for me."

"A noble and useful enough life, Clare. But before I can make any promise, I must think it over.

"I am not prepared to give my sister up to the first man who asks her.

"Tell me about Mr. Moffat. What is he like?

"Is he young?

"And has he private means, that he thinks of a wife like you?"

"I do not know whether he is very rich or not; I never thought of asking him.

"But we should not want to be very rich; because, in the life we have planned, we should have no time for visiting or going much into society; and you know, Walter, I have never been so fond of going to balls and parties, as some girls are."

"Well, Clare, I'll sleep on it, as the saying goes; and to-morrow I will have a talk with you again.

"Be sure that I will do my best for your happiness.

"And now, let us say good-night."

Well he did sleep on it, and the next day proposed to Clare that they should visit the village where Mr. Moffat was located.

"I wish to see him," said Walter.

At first she was hardly willing, but at length consented.

And so the visit was arranged and carried out.

The morning train took them off; and in due time, after some changes and delays, landed them at Reekton; a singularly well-named place, Walter thought, but refrained from saying; for he did not wish to prejudice his sister in any degree.

It was dirty and muddy at best, to which a fine rain now added.

The station-master directed them how to find Mr. Moffat's house, which was right in the middle of the village, two doors beyond the King's Arms.

"What a wretched day," exclaimed the girl, with a shiver as she spoke.

"Yes; we do not see Reekton for the first time under favorable circumstances. Who could have foreseen a day like this after so bright a morning!

"Are you cold?"

"Yes; no—a little, I think."

"Shall I go into the inn as we pass, and tell them to have a chop or something ready for us, in case Mr. Moffat may be from home?"

"That would be the finishing stroke to our bad luck! Very likely we shall find that he is away."

However, it seemed as if Fate meant to be kind after all; for on knocking on the door of the house pointed out to them, a stout, severe-looking person informed them that Mr. Moffat was at home.

"I'm no sure if he is down yet; but just step in here," said she, opening, as she spoke, a door on the left side of the little square passage; "he's mostly late on the Mondays"—and ushered them into a room where breakfast was laid for one person.

On a side-table was lying a strange mixture of books and pamphlets, pipes in great variety, tins of tobacco, match-boxes, and a dirty-looking smoking-cap; and on the floor a spittoon.

The window had evidently not been opened that day, and an effluvium from last night's tobacco still prevaded every corner.

A greasy arm-chair stood on one side of the fireplace, and near it a pair of walking-boots ready for their owner; under the chair, a pair of worn green and white slippers.

The servant never thought of asking their names an omission which secretly pleased Walter very much, and she had left the door of the room in which they were, open, so they had the gratification of hearing her go across the passage and up the narrow stairs, and knock at a door apparently right over them.

"You're wanted in the parlor," said the woman.

"Who is it?" came from a man's voice within.

"I dinna ken them," she replied, more than half-way down-stairs.

Walter carefully avoided looking at his sister, as a certain muffled thumping, announced the approach of some one who evidently had no shoes on his feet; but he furtively glanced at his watch, and saw that it was almost one o'clock.

And then the door was pushed open, and he saw a short, thick-set man, with a high and shining forehead, and a general air of untidiness, enter, and suddenly stand as if petrified.

A few desperately awkward seconds passed.

At length Walter Sanderson came forward.

"We must apologize for invading your premises in this manner, Mr. Moffat.

"Clare, introduce me."

Clare contrived to mutter a few words; and Walter held out his hand, which, he felt, was by no means cordially grasped by his host; but he continued—

"My sister and I only thought of this visit late last night, and so we couldn't let you know of it."

Clare and Mr. Moffat had silently got through the ceremony of shaking hands by this time; and the girl, nearly upset by the whole morning's experience, was glad to take the nearest chair, which happened to be the arm-chair under which Mr. Moffat's slippers were lying, so that that unfortunate man—as if to put and keep him at a still greater disadvantage—was forced to entertain his unexpected guests with no other covering to his large and badly shaped feet than that afforded by coarse homespun stockings.

In vain Walter essayed his most genial manner; nothing could make the visit other than a wretchedly awkward one.

Clare seemed unable to utter a syllable, and averted her eyes carefully from the man's unslippered feet and unshaven face.

At length, seeing her powers of endurance were being tried to the uttermost by various unhappy attempts on Mr. Moffat's part to assume the tone of an accepted lover, Walter suggested that they should leave Mr. Moffat to eat his breakfast in peace, while they would go back to the inn for the lunch which must be awaiting them, and invited Mr. Moffat to join them there as soon as was convenient for him, and spend the rest of the time with them until the train was due by which they were to return.

On getting out into the street, Clare convulsively clasped her brother's arm, and asked—

"Walter, could we not get a train sooner than three o'clock?"

"I am afraid not.

"But do you know it is almost two o'clock, now?—the time will soon pass.

"It is this wretched weather that makes everything look so miserable."

Clare shivered, and wished she were away.

On reaching the inn, they found their lunch waiting for them; but the chops were tough, and had been burned in the process of cooking, and Clare at least found it impossible to eat.

A large party of convivial minds were in the next room, which was only separated from theirs by a thin wooden partition, and they had the benefit of the jokes, oaths, and squabbles that passed among them.

Mr. Moffat was some time in making his appearance: but when he did, he was much more presentable, more like the man Clare had seen and believed in, at her own home.

But his shaven face and correct clerical costume came too late, and he was sensible enough to see the matter in its true light.

Nothing could re-establish him again on the pinnacle to which Clare, in her uncurbed imagination and secret love of excitement under any form, had raised him.

On getting home, Walter explained to his mother that she had no longer anything to fear; and next day wrote to Mr. Moffat, by his sister's desire, breaking off all further connections; and then telegraphed to his wife to expect him and his mother and sister the following day.

Georgie remained under the impression that her mother-in-law's state of health required a change.

Not even to her did Walter ever divulge the severe practical lesson to which he had subjected his sister; not even, when he had the gratification of seeing her make a suitable and happy marriage within a year or two from the time when her self-will and self-ignorance had so nearly wrecked her life.

Dan Denyke's Ghost.

BY L. H. WRIGHT.

YES," said the professor; "I saw a ghost once upon a time—as good a ghost as has ever been seen. It is rather an alarming story, but if you'd like to hear it, ladies——"

He paused.

Who ever refused to hear about a ghost?

We gathered about the professor's table at once, and he, with serious mien and solemn countenance, began:—

"I was a hard student at college—one of those good young men who improve the shining hour, and use a great deal of candle into the bargain.

"In my student days gas was not yet in fashion, and our rooms were pretty with grates and wax lights as they never are in these days of registers and gas chandeliers.

"My particular room in the college, which I shared with my chum, Dan Denyke, was a very pretty one at any time, for my mother, as well as my sisters and my cousins and my aunts, were always sending me presents to beautify it with.

"I had water-color sketches, flower paintings, painted satin pincushions, embroidered hair receivers, shaving papers in fancy cases, baskets of wax fruit, pen-wipers, footstools, cushions, Berlin-wool afghans, though they called them something else then; but as for Dan, he had nothing but his books, his fishing-lines, and his boxing-gloves, and dumb-bells.

"He hated study, and only crammed about examination time.

"We were as different as two young fellows could be, but I loved him and he loved me, though we often disapproved of one another, as, for instance, when he neglected his work for his boat, or when I turned my back on some 'jolly lark' in order to study.

"Often I passed long evening alone, hard at it over my books, but I never forgot my friendship; and I think I laid better plans by which to get him into the college after regulation hours than he could have done himself.

"I never remember being angry with him until that great examination was fast approaching on which our future fate seemed to hang—in other words, that at which we should both have graduated with honors.

"Then, seeing him so idle, I reproved him.

"He ridiculed me, and we came very near quarrelling.

"'You are not going out to-night, Dan?' I said, as I saw him making preparations for a secret departure, one night after hours. 'Think what you have before you! Grinding isn't pleasant; but for Heaven's sake put yourself at it for once in your life!'

"He was near the door as I spoke, and he turned and looked at me.

"'Come with me, Ben,' he said; 'you'll be all the better for it. We'll have a night for fishing, such as hasn't been seen this year, and we're going to cook the fish afterwards in the old hut on the river. We've got a frying-pan and wood, and bread and things stored there, all ready for the fun. A barrel of beer will be taken up. Jim, the boatman, will see to that. Come on, old fellow!'

"I forgot what I said.

"I only know I reproached him with his idleness, and declared I would not let him in, and that he said he wouldn't ask my help.

"He went off in a huff, and I stayed at home, righteously indignant, as I believed, and fell to studying with double ardor in a sort of 'thank Heaven I am better than other men' spirit.

"Before long, however, I really lost myself in my work, and was only aroused from my forgetfulness of all sublunary affairs by a sudden shaking and rattling of the windows such as I had never heard before.

"I started to my feet and lifted my sash.

"A frightful storm was raging without; the wind blew wildly, the lightning flashed, the thunder muttered, and as I gazed I saw a great zig-zag streak dart from the heavens.

"Then the earth shook again; the lightning had struck somewhere.

"I thought of the old boat-house and shuddered.

"My watch told me that it was nearly one o'clock.

"I was not a nervous man, but the storm was more than I could face.

"I drew the shutters to, dropped the curtains, and sat down before my desk.

"But I could not concentrate my thoughts on anything.

"Dan's face kept rising before me.

"Dan's voice seemed to call to me from afar.

"We had parted in anger.

"Perhaps I should never see him again, something seemed to say to me.

"'Am I a fool?' I asked myself.

"'Am I turned woman or coward?'

"But the thoughts would not be driven away; the terrors increased.

"Two o'clock struck.

"It was half-past two, nearly three, and still our preconcerted signal was not yet given.

"How gladly would I have heard it!

"At last, sick at heart, and with an awful foreboding of evil to come, I cast myself face downward on the bed, with my hands clasped over my eyes.

"How many minutes I lay there I do not know.

"A strange, rustling sound aroused me.

"Without uncovering my eyes, I listened.

"There was something in the room—something!

"But what?

"Then slowly and with terrible anticipations I turned over on my side and looked towards the spot whence the sound came.

"This is no dream story—I was not dreaming—what I saw I saw with waking eyes.

"I swear this to you.

"Is the story growing too terrible, ladies?

"No?

"Well, then, I will proceed.

"In the chair I had just left sat a figure wrapped from head to toot in white drapery.

"About its head was a white cloth, but from under this awful head-gear the dark eyes of poor Dan Denyke looked at me.

"I saw his features, his straight eyebrows, his large, dimpled chin.

"He stared at me and never stirred.

"My fears had proven true, I felt—Dan was dead! and it was his ghost that came to bid me farewell.

"I tried to speak; my voice failed me.

"Slowly I arose.

"Step by step I crept toward the apparition, with vain efforts to utter his name.

"I was not afraid of Dan, living or dead; it was only an awful grief and horror that possessed me.

"I stretched my hand toward him, that, if it could, his spirit hand might grasp it, and I felt something wet and cold.

"Water dripping from the head of the spectre.

"Dan had been drowned.

"I stared at the figure, gasping withal.

"It arose and looked at me; and as its ghostly shrouded form attained its full height, I found my voice.

"'Oh, Denyke, my friend—my brother,' I cried; 'you have come to me from the unknown land! Is it to say you forgive me? Oh, Denyke, speak to me!'

"I paused.

"Its lips unclosed; it was about to answer.

"I awaited the awful utterance.

"It spoke, and this is what it said:

"'Bottingen, what in thunder is the matter with you?'

"I came to my senses on the spot.

"I had been asleep for an hour, and during my slumbers Denyke had got in somehow.

"He was soaked to the skin, and after changing his clothes had wrapped himself in a white counterpane, and tied a wet towel over his head, as students often do in preparing for a night's study, especially after a spree.

"All in white, from head to foot, I had taken him for a ghost, and made a fine exhibition of myself.

"However, he was good enough to keep the story to himself, and I was the first to tell it, though not until college days were over.

"By the way, he graduated that year, and I did not.

"It was hard, sharp work with him, but he did it.

"I had an attack of brain fever and came near dying, but, as you see, I lived through it."

From Real Life.

BY A. P. THATCHER.

THEY stood gazing into the fire in the boarding-house parlor; he leaning upon upon the old-fashioned mantel, she supporting herself a few feet away upon a large arm-chair.

But the two who stood there in silence on that chill November evening were of interesting appearance.

He was a handsome man of medium height, firm build, and fine complexion; she, little more than a girl in her teens, slight, lithe, dark-eyed and pale.

They stood thus for some moments; then the girl sighed faintly, and her companion raised his face from the fire and looked at her with a curious expression of mingled tenderness and regret.

Her own countenance showed naught save despair.

"Poor little girl!" said Harris, sadly. "Heaven knows I am sorry we must part!"

"Hush!" she cried, suddenly, as if some one were coming; and they listened, but all was still.

Having nothing to say, she made no reply.

They had the parlor quite to themselves.

The majority of the boarders were sober, married people, who at once after dinner retired to their own apartments.

Presently, Harris proposed that they should take a walk previous to a final good-bye, and the girl went to her room to don her outdoor attire, and Harris awaited her when she came down in a neat jacket and fur hat.

She had no power to resist.

Poor, pretty Delilah Saunders—Mrs. Delilah Saunders—well for you that Royal Harris was an honorable man!

When they had left the house, he drew her arm within his own, and said, for the third time in the past half-hour—

"My last night here!"

"And we shall never meet again," the girl said slowly. "Never!"

She pronounced the last word thoughtfully, as if she could not realize its significance.

"But you will not forget me?"

"I will not forget you."

"We have had a very pleasant friendship."

"Yes; tell me about your journey," she said, as if she would fain change the subject.

"Well, I first take the train to Liverpool, where I shall meet my family; then we take the steamer for Australia."

He had felt her shiver at the words "my family."

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"Yes, I am cold. I think—we had—better—go back!"

They turned back to the great gray boarding-house.

At the door he took her hand, and held it tightly.

"I leave at eight in the morning. We must say 'good-bye' now."

"Good-bye!" she said, faintly.

He drew her into his arms.

"Fate has been hard to us; don't you think so? Ah, well. We might have been happy. Poor little girl! Here I am going off to the Antipodes! When I come back you will be gone! Ah, well!"

He kissed her once tenderly, gently, without passion, and let her go; but that first, last kiss burnt upon her lips until the day of her death.

She was guilty in her own mind, and would not strive to excuse herself.

That was all.

He opened the door with his latch-key, and they entered as though nothing had occurred, and sought their respective apartments.

Harris busied himself with last preparations for his journey, and thus, in a measure, managed to divert his thoughts.

Occasionally, however, an expression of deep gloom darkened his fine face, and he sighed regretfully.

Delilah, on the other hand, climbed the many stairs without a pause, opened her room door, and threw herself, rather than stepped, inside.

She turned the gas as high as possible, locked the door, and gave way to an utter abandonment.

The poor young creature sobbed pitifully; great tears of grief and shame coursed down her cheeks.

"And yet I have not been so utterly to blame," she said to her accusing conscience.

"Why did the man who, two short years ago, promise to cherish and protect me—why did he let me come out into this strange city?

"I didn't know.

"Why did he chill my heart with unloving words and actions before I came away?

"Why did he write unloving letters?

"I have neglected my work—I cannot touch my tools again!

"What is the use of my pretending to study?

"Why was I not given a husband I could always have loved and respected?

Then, growing quieter, she reviewed her experience of the past two months.

She remembered how she had come to leave her northern home to study art and receive instructions in the great city—such instructions as could not be found elsewhere, for hers was an uncommon sort of talent.

She remembered how distasteful her life at home had grown; how her husband had conducted himself.

George Saunders, though by no means a drunkard, was a little too fond of the social glass and of jovial companions.

He had spent many evenings from home, while poor Delilah sat sorrowful alone.

She had no heart for social enjoyments; how could she have?

At a late hour it had been her husband's custom to return, somewhat under the influence of liquor, profess much affection for his wife, caress her many times with loud, half-drunken kisses, and become violently angry should she shrink from his embraces as her nature prompted.

Out of this life she had seemed to see but one escape; to take up her study of art once more—to go south for a winter and work hard.

"Perhaps if I succeed he will take pride in me and do differently."

Saunders having carelessly consented, Delilah had come to London, obtained a pleasant boarding-place, and begun work in earnest.

She remembered how contented she had come to be in the pretty little upper chamber at this place.

How innocently had begun her acquaintance with this man—this married man, Royal Harris!

This man whom she loved, who loved her, and at the thought of whose departure she was suffering twofold agony—the agony of letting him go, and the agony of remorse that she should sin so greatly as to give her love where she had no right to.

She wondered a little about his wife.

Was it possible that that wife loved him more tenderly than she did?

Someone—it might have been Mrs. Balch, a fellow-boarder—had told her that Mr. Harris's wife was "not bright."

He had married very young, and had made some great mistake; but he was very good to the simple-minded little thing.

The night wore on, but Delilah found no rest.

When morning came she saw from her window the carriage with him drive away to catch the train; then she went down pale and dizzy to breakfast.

She spent the day in a state of lethargy almost; nothing seemed to rouse her.

A letter came from her husband; she scarcely glanced through it.

It seemed to her that he had said something about starting for London on business, and that she might expect him at any hour after the letter's arrival.

But it mattered little to her; she felt that she was now less his wife than if she was lying dead before him.

And still another day slipped by; then she heard something at the breakfast-table that sent the blood with a bound to her heart.

This was merely a few word spoken by Philip Buckley, another boarder, and a clerk in the wholesale house which Harris had gone to Australia to represent, and also a friend of his.

He was speaking to the lady of the house.

"I heard from Mr. Harris this morning. He telegraphed from Liverpool."

"Then I presume he is safe with his loved ones?" said Mrs. French, kindly.

She was a gentle little English woman, with yellow-white hair.

"I suppose so," laughed Mr. Buckley. "They take the steamer for Melbourne this evening."

"I should think it hardly safe for ocean travel now," said Mrs. French.

"Well, they will not enjoy a very smooth trip, to say the least."

Delilah could bear no more.

In a few moments she was again alone in her own chamber.

A drizzling rain began in the afternoon. When night had come, the storm sobbed passionately against the little windows.

Delilah rose and stood facing herself in the mirror.

She drew the drab window shades closer, and listened and shivered as if a voice called to her from out in the night, "Delilah Delilah!"

Yet she dared not sob or sigh.

She would not allow those who occupied adjoining rooms to find in her conduct the faintest shadow of a subject for gossip.

She cast herself upon the bed and buried her face in the pillows.

And still the rain beat upon the windows and the storm sobbed.

After a while someone tapped at the door, and she rose reluctantly to open it.

It was only Mrs. French's daughter, whose room was on the same floor.

"I saw the light under your door, and remembering you were not down to dinner, though I would inquire if you were ill."

Delilah hesitated for an excuse, then spoke a little hoarsely, "I have a severe cold and there are neuralgic pains in my face. I daresay they will soon leave me."

"Oh, indeed! I am very sorry. Cannot I do something for you? Would you like hot water or anything?"

"No, thanks; I shall retire, and sleep will probably cure me."

"Well, good night. I am sorry you are ill."

Delilah once more fastened the door, and stood thinking and staring at the broad blaze of gaslight beside the mirror.

"How much longer can I endure this?" she asked herself, with a moan. "If I could only sleep to-night—I have not slept for three nights—I should be calm to-morrow. Then I could repent and forget all, and be a true woman once more."

She longed for an opiate.

Suddenly a thought came to her.

She remembered a small bottle of chloral which was on the shelf in her clothes closet. Some previous occupant had left it there, but it seemed to have been securely sealed.

She got it, however, and took a small dose, then threw herself upon the bed.

An hour later she arose, and felt her way unsteadily to the dressing-case where she had left the bottle.

She put the little phial again to her lips, and tasted its contents.

Then she crept back to the bed, and finally slept.

The morning came up bitterly cold; sharp winds had disarranged little patches of snow to which the rain had turned some hours before, until it had grown too cold for even snow.

At breakfast Mrs. Saunder's seat was vacant.

Not a great while after a carriage rolled up to the door, and a stranger alighted and rang the bell, which Mrs. French, being in the hall, answered in person.

The new-comer was a man who might well have been called handsome; yet there were traces of dissipation in his countance if one but glanced closely.

It was George Saunders.

Mrs. French said she would herself show him to his wife's room.

They both climbed the stairs quickly, and Saunders rapped eagerly at the door.

There was no answer from within.

"She is out early," he said, a little vexed.

"Oh, she is in the house, I am certain; but in somebody else's room!" quickly rejoined the landlady.

The chambermaid was coming up the stairs.

Mrs. French turned to her.

"Ann, have you been in Mrs. Saunders' room yet?"

"No, ma'am; she isn't up, I think."

Saunders rapped once again, this time loudly.

An uneasy expression crept into his face.

"I will search for her. Ann give me your pass-key. I will let Mr. Saunders in to wait for his wife."

She opened the door, and they went in.

* * * * * *

And so it was all over.

Hours later, Saunders, sitting in another room, buried his face in his hands and vainly strove to put away the picture which seemed constantly before him—the picture of that slim, still shade lying upon the unturned bed, the fair white face, the blue about the eyes and mouth, the cold tear-drops beneath the lashes that should no longer quiver!

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "What a meeting!"

He could only hear again the shriek of horror uttered by Mrs. French—the cries of the servant—the rush of other feet—the words of a physician called as mere form—"Dead for hours!"

He saw looks of curious compassion in the strange faces about him.

Was it a real whisper, or had it been but his fancy that someone said, "He cannot care so much, to let her come so far away from home, so young!"

The house grew very still; he sat and thought to himself, but shed no tears.

The door was open a little way, and someone passed by through the hall—weeping.

"Such a sad accident!"

That night he took his wife's remains home for interment.

And so Delilah Saunders passed out of the great gray boarding-house, more his, in her coffin, than if her own feet had borne her.

* * * * *

"I have heard some sad news," said Philip Buckley to Mrs. French, a week or ten days after Delilah Saunders' sudden death. "Poor Harris!

"He took passage with his family on that ill-fated steamer, that was lost out in the Bay of Biscay, the 'London!'"

A murmur of shocked surprise ran around the table from lip to lip.

"And was not saved?"

"Only a few were saved!"

"Poor Harris!" said Mr. Balch, slowly, "He was a fine fellow!"

The eyes of the ladies grew moist with tears.

There was a mournful silence, and someone sighed audibly.

"Well, since his wife and little ones were with him, they will be spared all heart-break," said Mrs. French, gravely.

Mr. Buckley took up from his lap a newspaper, which he offered to her, saying he presumed it contained as true an account of the disaster as ever could be known.

"That makes two of our number who have passed away very lately," Mrs. Balch said to her neighbor.

"Poor Mrs. Saunders! They were great friends, by the way, weren't they?"

"Great friends!" said the other lady, with a peculiar emphasis.

She was a small, sharp-featured woman with keen, gray eyes, and had roomed next to Delilah.

She said no more at the time, though Mrs. Balch looked wonderingly at her with clear, honest eyes.

And then someone called attention to the coincidence that Mrs. Saunders had died the very night the "London" went out to meet its doom in the fury of those Spanish waters!

HE KNEW STATUTARY.—Skiggins met a friend who had just been down to the courthouse to see the statutes of New Jersey. How nice it would be to go to see them himself! Any lawyer could show them to him. Always had a liking for statutes and could spend an hour or so very pleasantly among them! Came back in about five minutes disgusted—all he had seen was a shelf full of musty old law books, and the clerk of the court "tried to pass them off on him as statutes." He knows statutary when he sees it, and can't be fooled that way.

The Story of a Great Discovery.

There appeared, not long since, in the Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean, a remarkable article with the above title, occupying nearly five columns of that able journal. It describes very clearly and with great particularity the inception, development, and successful result of an effort by a thoroughly educated and intelligent American physician to discover an element, or combination of elements in nature which would, without resort to drug-medication, cure disease through a restoration of weakened or exhausted nerve and life-forces to their normal condition. The scientific aspect of the discovery is so clearly explained in the article that both the learned and unlearned can see the basis of facts and legitimate deductions upon which to rest. Many of the practical results already obtained through the use of this new vitalizing substance, and in cases of the most desperate character, where all remedies had failed, and the most skilful physicians found themselves at fault, are given in the article, and its high value as a health-restorer testified to by individuals well and honorably known throughout the country, who have in their own persons proved its wonderful healing power.

The paper referred to is written calmly, and presents the whole subject in a way to arrest attention and bring conviction to almost any one who can reason from known facts and natural laws, and weigh evidence with impartiality. In order to give the article a still wider circulation than it obtained through the source in which it first reached the public, it has been printed in a neat pamphlet, and will be mailed by STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, to any one who will drop them a letter or postal card.

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time,

And the **"POST"** **now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use; and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should insist on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.**

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.

A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.

A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.

A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

Make your Promise VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the **"POST"**
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full-size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; **the wash-water should only be lukewarm and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how cold it may seem.*** **A wash boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.**

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows:—Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water, (without using any more Soap,) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing, for this Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make **the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better.*** **The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way.** ***Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.***

☞ **The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.***

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

CHEAP JACK.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

"JUST look! only a penny! trumpets, skipping-ropes, kites, horses, carts, tops, balls, dolls, clowns, harlequins, puppets; who will buy? who will buy? Only a penny, the cheapest toys ever seen, who will buy? who will buy?"

So spoke Cheap Jack.

There had been quite an excitement ever since the caravan with its bright green door and small window with a red curtain, to say nothing of funnel that served as a chimney, came into the village drawn by an awkward-looking brown horse, that was now turned out to graze.

Quite a crowd collected when Cheap Jack drew up, dismounted from his seat, unharnessed the horse, opened the green door, and lighting the stove inside, the smoke began to issue from the funnel.

"He'll set the cart on fire," said one boy.

"Not he," replied another.

And then there was a breathless silence, for Cheap Jack emerged from the door bearing in his arms toys innumerable of all descriptions, which he began to hang up on little hooks outside until there were such a show of playthings, that the children feared to take their eyes off them lest they should vanish away; for they could scarcely believe that it was anything but a dream.

"Only a penny, only a penny," said Cheap Jack; "every one can afford a penny; I charge low prices, so that the very poorest may have a chance of buying.

"And tell your mothers that I've got ribbons, and laces, and pins, and needles, and tapes, and cottons at such surprisingly low charges that I am almost giving them away."

The children lingered until the last toy was hung up, and Cheap Jack began to make preparations for his dinner, which was warming up in a saucepan upon the stove.

"Now go home, my dears," said Cheap Jack, sitting down on the steps leading to the green door, with his plate of savory stew in his hand; "go home, and see how many pennies you can bring back with you after dinner."

Then the children ran away.

All but one, a boy in a well-patched jacket carrying a basket on his arm.

He stood with wide-opened eyes staring at the display of toys, and seemed quite unconscious that he was left alone.

Cheap Jack looked at him.

"What do you want to buy?"

"Nothing," returned the boy; "I've got no money."

"Then you had better go away," said Cheap Jack.

"Oh, please let me look at them," pleaded the lad; "I'm trying to remember them that I may tell my brother."

"What's the use of that, if you can't buy him any."

"Please, sir, Joe can cut all kinds of things out of bits of wood—dogs' heads, and cocks and hens, and cats and rabbits, as like as can be; but he's never done anything else, and maybe if he knew all about the things you sell, he might make some that people would buy.

"I know Joe could make those men that dance, if he could only see one. I'm trying to remember it for him."

And the boy came nearer to the caravan, and looked more carefully at the little puppets moved by strings.

Cheap Jack made no objection, and he took one of the puppets in his hand and examined it carefully. Then he drew a horse's head out of his pocket.

"See, this is some of Joe's work."

Cheap Jack looked at it attentively.

"It's not bad," he said at last; "I should like to see some more of his work; perhaps I could do a little business with him."

Jerry put down his basket, and gazed at Cheap Jack.

"I mean," said the man, "that if he's got anything I took a fancy to I shouldn't mind buying some of his carving."

Jerry took up his basket again, he was too full of surprise to say anything more than——

"I'll fetch some."

"Not now," said Cheap Jack, "come at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, it will be all quiet then; and, here, you may take a puppet to show your brother."

How Jerry got home he did not know.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked his mother; "you're as red as the rising sun, and as hot as can be; sit down and tell us what's the matter."

Joe was too much out of breath to speak at once, but he sat down beside poor pale little Joe, and by degrees gave an account of the wonders of Cheap Jack's establishment, and of the liking he had taken to Joe's carving.

Joe was as much excited as his brother, he began to move about as well as his crippled limbs would allow, collecting his store of carvings and picking out the best of the dogs and horses.

"And this flower," said Jerry, "it is the best of all."

"He wouldn't care for that," replied Joe.

"Oh, mother, if my fingers can make some money we shan't have to be so very poor; I'll work as hard as I can to help you."

"You're a good boy, Joe, and you always have been, and you do help me in a quiet way.

"I shouldn't know what to do without you."

"Why, what's this!" said Jerry, opening his basket to find the puppet for Joe; "why I do believe in my hurry I've left the puppet I was bringing to show you, and have brought this old thing instead."

And he lifted up a large leather pocket-book, it fell on the table with a chinking sound.

His mother started forward in dismay. "Why, Jerry, it's the man's purse with his money in it!

"Whatever will become of me; put on your cap and run back as fast as you can before he finds it out."

Jerry put on his cap and went as fast as he could, but not before Cheap Jack had found out his loss.

There he was hunting in every place he could think of, whilst the children stood waiting with their pennies.

The village policeman was there; also a gentleman on horseback had stopped to know what was the matter.

"He's been robbed of his purse; it had one hundred dollars in it, and it's gone! He's certain he had it not an hour ago, and some one must have taken it.

"But he's having a last search before he sends after the lad that he thinks has taken it."

At this moment Jerry came panting up.

"Why, that's the lad," said Cheap Jack to the policeman; "seize him! Don't let him go!"

The policeman took Jerry by the shoulder.

"Well, my young master," said he, "where's the purse?"

"Here it is," said Jerry, pulling it out of his pocket.

"I took it by mistake, and I've brought it back again."

"A likely story," said the policeman.

"But I've brought it back," said Jerry; "it's never been opened.

"Take him off to prison, policeman, for a young thief as he is," said Cheap Jack.

"Oh, please, sir—please, sir, I'm not a thief, and it's all true about Joe; and he's packing up the carvings, and I'll bring them to-morrow."

"No, you won't," returned Cheap Jack angrily, "I'll have nothing more to do with you."

"Perhaps you will count your money," suggested the gentleman, "and see if it is all right.

"The lad's story seems straightforward enough.

Cheap Jack opened the pocket-book.

"The money's all right," said he.

"What am I to do with the boy?" asked the policeman.

"Nothing," replied the gentleman. "There's nothing in the charge; the boy is honest enough."

"Thank you sir," said Jerry, gratefully. "And may I bring the carvings," he said timidly.

But Cheap Jack answered, "No, you may not.

Be off as quick as you can."

And Jerry turned away, disconsolately, and tears were in his eyes.

How disappointed Joe would be!

"The man thinks I'm a thief, and he won't look at your carvings, Joe," said Jerry.

And he threw himself down on the floor beside his brother, sobbing passionately.

Joe tried to comfort him.

"Never mind, Jerry, you did your best, and you're not a thief; every one who knows you knows it. Don't they mother?"

"Yes, child. Come, Jerry, don't take on so, may be some one else will look at the carvings.

"I'll take them to Shenley the next time I go, and perhaps some of the shopkeepers will buy them."

Just then there was a tap at the door.

It was the gentleman who had been in the crowd, and who, feeling some interest in Jerry, had made inquiries about him, and followed him home.

He looked at pale little Joe, with his large eyes and thin delicate hands.

"Are you the wood-carver?" he asked.

At the sound of his voice Jerry sprang up.

"Oh, sir! yes, sir, this is Joe! he carves well enough, but now he won't be able to sell any of his dogs and horses."

"Let me look at them."

Jerry drew the box near to the table, and set out Joe's productions to the best advantage.

The gentleman examined them critically, whilst Jerry gazed on him with almost painful earnestness.

But he inferred he perceived a satisfied look in the face of the examiner, who presently said—

"Hum! Ha! Ah! Yes, very fair, very fair indeed. Who taught you?"

"No one, sir," broke in Jerry; "it's all himself; he's the cleverest little chap with his fingers that ever was, and he's only had a knife to do it all with."

"I shall take some of the best of your carvings away with me and see what I can do for you. Will you trust me?"

"I should think so, sir," said Jerry energetically.

"Joe would let you take them if they were made of gold, because it was you who spoke up for me, sir."

The gentleman smiled.

"Well," he said, "I will do my best, and you shall hear from me again."

He had not been gone long before there was another tap at the door.

Jerry opened it, and there, to his surprise, stood Cheap Jack.

"Well," said Cheap Jack, "you didn't expect to see me, I suppose, but I've been thinking that I was a little hard on you, and I've come to see your brother's work."

"You're a bit too late; there's been a customer before you who's taken off the best," said the mother.

She did not feel very friendly towards Cheap Jack.

"But there's some left if you like to see them," said Joe.

"And I'm glad you've come to think right of Jerry, sir."

Cheap Jack looked at the assortment.

"Well," said he, "I buy so as to sell at a profit, and I charge low prices. How much will you let me have the lot for?"

Joe's face flushed.

"Oh, I don't know. If you would please to say what you will give."

"Well," said the man, "I'll give you half a dollar for that lot. I don't say but what they're worth more, but that's what I can afford."

Joe's eyes glistened.

"You may have them, sir."

And Cheap Jack gave him the shining piece of money, and began to pack away his carvings.

"If I'm very fortunate with them I'll call again when I'm round this way," he said, as he went away.

"Mother, mother," said Joe, when Cheap Jack had departed, "your lame boy won't be a burden.

"Oh! mother, mother, won't I set to work to do better now, and if I get on we may get to be quite rich."

The mother kissed her boy, saying, "You are the best boy in the whole world, and always have been."

"And it's turned out quite fortunate that Jerry brought the purse by mistake; hasn't it, dear old Jerry?" and Joe; "and I ought to be much obliged to you for bearing so many hard words."

But Jerry in his happiness at the manner in which things were turning out had forgotten his own annoyance.

And so Joe came to be a wood-carver, for the gentleman did not forget his promise; and he not only sold Joe's animals for quite a respectable little sum, but he made arrangements for Joe's instruction in various ways that would enable him to pursue his art with advantage.

And in time Jerry was able to take part also; he could do much of the rough work, and so save Joe's delicate fingers.

And all this came about through Cheap Jack's visit to Littledale.

So Jerry always said.

The mother thought that Joe's talent might have developed in any case; and Joe used to say—

—"It is owing to my having such a good brother as Jerry."

MR. DIAVOLO.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"NOT to be inquisitive," remarked the stranger to a jolly-looking tradesman, who was taking the air at his door on a certain fine spring evening, "not to be inquisitive, but just to satisfy myself about it—how did that house yonder get into such a condition?

"It's a handsome house naturally, as one may see.

"The neighborhood is good. You don't appear to have had a fire or an earthquake here-about; but it is my belief that there is not a whole pane of glass in that house."

"You are right, sir," said the resident, crossing his feet, and looking solemnly at the stranger. "There are sixteen windows in that house. Each of them had four panes. Four times sixteen is sixty-four, and every one of those sixteen windows is smashed, and they were all smashed at the same moment."

"Explosion?" interrogated the stranger.

"No," said the resident.

"Fire?"

"No, sir."

"Attack of a mob?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what the deuce was it?" asked the stranger.

"What the deuce was it, you say?" repeated the resident. "Well, as far as I am able, I'll tell you what the deuce it was, sir. And I fancy I know more about it than any living man, for I lived here, as I do now, directly opposite, when a gentleman named Mr. Diavolo hired the house.

"He was a very curious-looking gentleman.

"His hair was dead black, and his eyes were dead black, but when you looked into them you saw just as you see in the 'fire opal' that Nellson, the jeweller, has in his case in the Strand—two red lights burning and flames, but smouldering coals. He rented the house over there, and began to deal with us directly. My wife said he was most gentlemanly. I didn't like him.

"It was a nice house when he rented it—a splendid house, you might say—and furnished very well.

"The owner was away, and the agent had it to let. Mr. Diavolo—that was his name, agreed to the rent without murmur, and he had a lot of bric-a-brac brought in and Turkish rugs and things, and then he began to deal with me.

"Such a customer I hadn't had on my books before; and though I didn't like him why what difference did that make? I was polite, he was polite. I gave him good value for his money, and he gave me, well, at first he did, good money for my wares, he, he, he! And so, you know how it is, first it was cash, and then it was credit, and the bills ran up, and we began to say to ourselves that they got a little long. And at last I did call with one, and couldn't see Mr. Diavolo, and called again and he was out, and left it, and heard nothing of him, and met him and mentioned it, and was told that in the pressure of business he forgot it, and so on; the regular course of such bills, so far as all we tradesmen know, more is the pity.

"And after a while what we'd known for a good while got about the town.

"There was too much drinking and too much hilarity generally at Mr. Diavolo's. He had no family, but lots of young men came every evening. There was gambling of some sort, and such swearing! They could hear 'em in the parson's house three doors off; and Mrs. Chunks, that's my wife, you know—Mrs. Chunks said to me, 'Why don't you go over and see Mr. Diavolo about your bill?'

"'When I go he's out,' said I.

"'Go over in the evening,' said she. 'He's in then, and he'll be ashamed not to pay you if you speak before his fine company.'

"And finally, as the orders kept a-coming and money didn't, I thought I would go over and do as she advised.

"It was Friday evening, I remember, and I put on my Sunday clothes to give myself confidence, for you do have more confidence somehow in your best clothes.

"And over the way I went with my bill in my pocket, and the lights were blazing in every window, and I heard the sounds of laughing and singing, and a fine servant opened the door, and just kind of bowed, and in I walked, where I'd never been before, into the drawing-room.

"There was a crowd of men there, all young and fashionable, all shining with diamond rings and studs, all talking and laughing.

"Some of my champagne was being drunk, and they were playing cards on a green table, and at the head of it stood Mr. Diavolo, with a little sort of rake in his hand and a big pile of money before him.

"'Red wins!' said he, and began to rake up the cash; and at that moment up I steps.

"'Mr. Diavolo,' I said, 'I know you'll excuse me for bringing in my bill. It is hardly worth calling your attention to it; but I've got a payment to make to-morrow, and I——'

"'Hallo!' cried Mr. Diavolo, just there; 'it's Chunks! Glad to see you, Chunks! Sit down.' He pointed to a place at the green table. 'Now, Chunks,' said he, with the reddest coals I had ever seen in his eyes, 'if you want your money, win it. Play!'

"I felt afraid of them, with their black eyes, with the fire in them. I felt as if I should be saying bad words next. I was gambling, and I know it. I was drinking, and I hoped Mrs. Chunks wouldn't know it.

"I heard ten strike; I heard eleven strike; I heard twelve strike. I thought of Mrs. Chunks.

"One struck—two. Well, living or dead, I must get out.

"'I can't stand this,' said I; and I got to my legs and tried to look at my watch. 'I'm enjoying myself very much, gentlemen,' said I, 'but I must go.'

"'Sit down,' said Mr. Diavolo.

"'Oh, I can't' said I. 'Why, bless my soul——' I was going to say, 'it's morning,' but I didn't finish the sentence.

"Just as I got those holy words—that I never used before out of church, past my lips, there was an awful shriek.

"The lights went out; the moon shone in at the windows: and I saw each of those men, with the fire in their eyes, float up into the air, and go smashing out through the glass.

"There must have been sixty-four of them, for each man took a pane.

"In the dark I clutched the money before me, and flew towards the door.

"A policeman took me home, I'm told. Mrs. Chunks and I didn't talk much that night, but next morning I told her the story.

"'Got my money, anyhow,' said I, and went to look in my pockets.

"They were full—crammed full—but it wasn't of money; only a lot of little bits of pasteboard.

"It was devil's money, and you know devil's not ev'rways changes that way.

"Yes, sir. I think so. I can't help believing that those beings that flew through the windows were imps, and Mr. Diavolo Satan himself.

"You see, I'm told Diavolo is only Italian for him, and there never were such eyes in a man's head.

"The landlord now says that he'd warned them out that evening, and that they smashed his glass in revenge; and Mrs. Chunks, she says I was tipsy,' and took the pasteboard things instead of the money; but the neighbors generally have got to calling that house 'The house the demon lived in,' and the landlord can never let it at any price."

ROYAL SPORT.—The "buffalo hunt" in which the two sons of the Prince of Wales were indulged at Ceylon recently, was a painful absurdity. It was forbidden that the two burly boys should run any risk of injury, so a tame buffalo was turned out, and after being chased by dogs, was shot down by one of the princes—a most ignoble piece of butchery. This reminds a London writer of a bear hunt which occurred in Sweden years ago. A royal prince had to be entertained, and so a bear hunt was got up for him. At last the animal was cleverly roused. The prince raised his gun to fire: the bear began to caper. It was a tame one which had been bought of its showman and turned out.

WHEN MIND AND BODY are out of sorts, owing to a Disordered Liver, try at once Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, a sure remedy for all Bilious Affections, Costiveness, etc.

Grains of Gold.

Kindness gives birth to kindness.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing.

Let another's shipwreck be your seamark.

Duty cannot be plain in two diverging paths.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

Better break thy word than do worse in keeping it.

Never reproach a man with the faults of his relatives.

All religion and all ethics are summoned up in "Justice."

Be a philosopher; but amid all your philosophy be a man.

A man's opinions all change except the good one he has of himself.

A grave, wherever found, preaches a short, pithy sermon to the soul.

We should ask not who is the most learned, but who is the best learned.

There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a bad temper.

What is becoming is honest, and whatever is honest must always be becoming.

The irresolute never prosecute their views so long as they have any excuse left for delaying.

The imprudent man reflects on what he has said; the wise man on what he is going to say.

It is better to spend one's time in acquiring knowledge than to waste it in parading what one has.

To bring forward the bad actions of others to excuse our own, is like washing ourselves in mud.

Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured.

Judge thyself with a judgment of sincerity, and thou wilt judge others with a judgment of charity.

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous and happy in the depth of poverty, but not a whole people.

Persons who speak ill of themselves do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.

Things right in themselves are more likely to be hindered than advanced by an injudicious zeal for promoting them.

Amongst men of the world comfort only signifies a great consideration for themselves, and a perfect indifference about others.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may be for a time promise or produce are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness.

Patience is good, but perseverance is better. While the former stands as a stoic under difficulties, the latter whips them out of the ring.

Success is the key-note of popular praise. The voices that hail your triumph may be the very ones that discouraged you most when struggling.

Disorder in a drawing-room is vulgar; in an antiquary's study, not. The black battle stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of a housemaid is.

To form a correct judgment concerning the tendency of any doctrine, we should rather look at the fruit it bears in the disciples than in the teacher. For he only made it; they are made by it.

The truly great consider first how they are to gain the approbation of God, and secondly, that of their own conscience; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellow-men.

Not only is kindness due to every one, but a special kindness is due to every one. Kindness is not kindness unless it be special. It is in its aptness, seasonableness and individual application that its charms consist.

When we have practiced good actions awhile they become easy, and when they become easy we begin to take a liking to them, and when they please us we do them frequently. Form, then, the habit of doing good.

Never put a false construction on a man's words; it is a sort of treachery. A sentence may sometimes be twisted in many ways, and to accuse a man of saying what he never intended to say, is a mean way of taking advantage.

The love of display which results in vulgar ostentation is the result of selfishness, of a desire to excite the envy of others rather than the wish to share benefits with them—an effort to appear great without striving to be great in reality.

How prone we are to impute to others motives which they have not: how easily under such mistakes we can inflict a terrible wound upon a pure person's feelings or reputation! We must walk softly amid our fellows, and judge as we would be judged.

In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindness, if sought for, are forever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved.

If we disobey the dictates of our conscience even in the more trifling particulars, or allow ourselves to do what we have some fears may not be quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no longer the power to awaken us.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time, and Young was writing a true as well as a striking line when he thought that "Sands make the mountains, and spare moments make the year." Of all the portion of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil.

Femininities.

The woman question—At twenty, who; at thirty, what; at forty, where is her?

When a young lady refuses a marriage proposal, it is a case of sleight of hand.

The majority of women are little touched by friendship, for it is insipid when they have once tasted of love.

There is a St. Louis man who has not laughed in twenty-six years. He is boarding with his mother-in-law.

The man who says that woman has never invented anything, should listen for a few minutes at the key-hole of the sewing society.

"Woman," says Mrs. Eastman, "is a problem." So she is; and though a problem we can never hope to solve, it is one we shall never be willing to give up.

It does aggravate a man to think that while his wife isn't afraid to tackle him, and nearly yank his head off, she is madly terrorized by a cow that he can chase out of the yard at any time.

Attractive advertisement—An intelligent, neat, orderly American woman, who has partially lost her voice and speaks in a whisper, desires a situation to take care of china and do the light work of a family.

She: "Why is it that when we were lovers you always got me a box at the theatre, and covered the front with bouquets, but now you buy seats in the dress circle?" He: "At that time your father paid for your bonnets."

A crusty old fellow once asked: "What is the reason that griffins, dragons and devils are ladies' favorite subjects for embroidery designs?" "Ah, because they are continually thinking of their husbands," was the lady's retort.

A Brooklyn clergyman informs us, upon what appears to be good authority, "that nine-tenths of the redeemed in Heaven will be women." After this announcement the man who wouldn't set his face heavenward isn't the man we take him for.

A French photographer residing at Tangiers has just received a most interesting order from the Sultan of Morocco to photograph the 361 wives of this modern Solomon. The portraits will be contained in an album, of which alone the Sultan will have a key.

A woman entered a railroad-car at Bloomington, Ill., carrying a big basket. The conductor told her that it must go among the baggage. She replied that if he took it away, she would hold him strictly accountable for the contents. When he found that it held triplet babies only a month old, he ceased objection.

Said the pastor: "We never used to get any money in the contribution box, but lately I have arranged to have two or three of our most prominent men and pretty girls stand in the vestibule while the people came in, so they can see who puts the money in, and the box is doing quite well." It takes a business man to run a church as well as a circus.

She was such a gushing creature, and so unused to metaphor in giving vent to her thoughts and feelings. She and Charlie were engaged, and had settled right down to make a serious business of courting. One night, when the gas was burning low, one of the servants overheard her exclaim: "Oh, Charlie, I wonder if your moustache feels as nice to you as it does to me?"

An improvement upon the ordinary method of elopement has been introduced at Chattanooga, Tenn., where Mr. Lee Hale and Miss Katie Morgan have just circumvented an unwilling father. Usually in such cases the chief difficulty is to get to the house of the nearest benevolent clergyman, but the Chattanooga variation consists in stationing the minister on the sidewalk directly opposite the paternal mansion.

A woman at Stockton, Cal., believing that she was about to die, confessed to her husband that she did not love him, but had centred her affections on a neighbor. She declared that she could not die unforgiven, and so the husband freely forgave her. But he granted the favor only in view of her speedy death, and, when she unexpectedly recovered, he began a suit for divorce. Her defense is that he condoned her fault by forgiveness, and a peculiar question of law is raised.

"It is no use," exclaims Mr. Fenderson, at the family tea-table; "we must economize. Beef and mutton are away up, butter and eggs—everything in fact. Meat once a day is all we can afford; and, mother, you must give the children some kind of cheap sauce to save in butter. We must cut down expenses some way." And Fenderson then lights his fifteen-cent cigar and sallies forth to the billiard-room, putting out a matter of two or three dollars in the course of the evening.

Lena Sherman was a reputable girl of Iowa, but her lover proved to be a horse-thief, and was sent to the penitentiary. His counsel thought that a new trial might be obtained by appealing, but there was no money to meet the expense. So Lena stole a horse in a neighboring county, sold it, and devoted the money to the appeal. The convict gained his liberty, but the girl went to prison. Gov. Sherman has just pardoned her. Very foolish girl, and an inconsiderate judge, to encourage horse-stealing.

A country doctor was sent for to see a laborer who had received a concussion of the brain. He told his wife to apply leeches, which she promised to send. The next morning he found the man worse and delirious, and asked the wife whether she had used the leeches. She answered that she had given him one; whereat she was told by the indignant doctor that she had risked her husband's life. The poor woman pleaded that she had done her best. "I cut up small, I vinegared and I peppered one; but e said e'd rather die than take another."

"If I was in your place," said a New Haven housewife to a fish-peddler, "I'd throw away that horn or else learn a new tune. It's perfectly distressing." "Madame," said the purveyor of brain phosphorus, with becoming dignity, "with the limited time at my disposal, and the extreme low price of shad, it is impossible for me to favor my patrons with a cornet obligato on every street, but I try to make the few strains I attempt acceptable and attractive to the cultivated ears of the vicinity. If I fail, I make it up on the quality of my shad. Six pounds, 25 cents. Thanks."

News Notes.

The "Mellow Bugs" are a club of colored people of Macon, Ga.

At New York they arrest and punish dealers in adulterated butter.

A blast at Glendon quarry, near Easton, threw out 25,000 tons of stone.

The tax rate in New York is $2.20, which is lower than at any time since the war.

Persons stealing rides on railroads are committed to jail for twenty days in Reading.

The new applicants for admission to West Point Military Academy numbered 157, of whom 104 passed the examination.

A Boston man who found a $5 bill in the street, and then denied it, paid $17 for the lie and the larceny in the police court.

A "strictly moral circus" is advertised in the Kansas papers, which gives "nine hours of solid enjoyment condensed into two."

Harry Foster, a tight-rope performer aged 25 years, was killed lately by falling from a rope stretched across a street, in Omaha.

The great seal of Great Britain and Ireland is affixed to yellow wax for English documents, red for Scotch, and green for Irish.

A Liverpool shop-keeper advertises that he is able to sell cheaper than his married competitors, who have to support a wife and children.

In the recent French municipal elections at Marseilles only 12,000 electors out of 65,000 voted; at Toulon, 600 out of 15,000; at Arles, 300 out of 7,000.

Germany is the greatest of all countries for international expositions. An exposition of musical instruments is to occur at Berlin next year.

Missouri has a new law forbidding the manufacture of any imitation of butter, no matter whether represented to be genuine or not. This will close several large oleomargarine factories.

James Salmon, who recently died in New York, worth $1,500,000, bequeathed $500,000 to three nephews employed in the coal mines at La Salle, Ill., who are said to be "poor but respectable young men."

The sister of Under Secretary Burke, who was murdered recently in Phœnix Park, Dublin, has been insane since that event. She sits, tearless, at the window, and exclaims at every footfall, "He is coming."

A workman in an iron mill in Phœnixville, this State, last week rolled a round, three-quarter-inch bar of iron 132 feet in length. This is claimed to be the longest bar of iron of that size ever rolled.

The policemen of Troy, N. Y., were paid a few days ago, under the opinion of the city attorney, in full for thirteen months' services. It is the first money they have received since their appointment on May 28, 1881.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the authoress, says the happiest period of her life was spent soon after her marriage, in a lonely cabin in the Wisconsin woods, where the wolves often came and howled about the doors.

Small jeweled lace pins, matching the color and design of the ear-rings, are now used to fasten bonnet-strings. The prettiest of these are in the form of crescents, arrows, or butterflies, made of pearls and tiny diamonds.

Republican France maintains as many embassies (as distinguished from ministries) as Imperial and royal France did, and pays as good salaries. St. Petersburg, $6,000 (which is more than England pays); London, $60,000 and a fine house.

In 1880, 18 young women were graduated from a school of Technology in Boston. Of these, eight found at once steady employment as designers in print factories, one in pottery works, two in an oil-cloth manufactory, and one in a carpet-mill.

U. S. Grant, Jr., has obtained an attachment against all the property of Henry H. Honore, in the State of New York, to force the settlement of a claim for $4,399. Mr. Honore's daughter is young Grant's sister-in-law, being the wife of Colonel Fred Grant.

A noted New York bank robber visited Boston, last week, and fearing his presence in the city might cause the public unnecessary uneasiness, he called on the Chief Inspector and assured him his visit to the city was purely for pleasure, and not on business.

The Prince of Wales and others are actively endeavoring to establish a Royal College of Music in London. The amount already subscribed exceeds $200,000, and as the institution is to be open to all comers it is hoped that assistance will be rendered in the United States.

Under the Hayes administration, says a tea-table gossip, the breakfast hour at the White House was 8.30; lunch was at 1, and dinner at 6. President Garfield had breakfast at 7.30, dinner at 3, and tea at 7. Now all the meals are irregular except dinner, which is served at 6 P. M.

A railroad company bought some land adjoining its track at Meriden, Conn., and the seller agreed to move a house, barn, and shed within a specified time. He failed to do so. Cables were then fastened round the buildings and attached to locomotives, and in that way the structures were speedily dragged off.

A number of Chinamen have become portrait painters in San Francisco. The chief merit of their work is cheapness. They do not undertake to paint from life, but only make enlarged copies of photographs, in oils, at $2 each. These pictures usually reproduce the blemishes of the original with remarkable fidelity, and the eyes are likely to be a trifle askant, yet they sell.

A physician was called to the bedside of a young man in Schoharie county, New York, and while he was bending over the bed the unconscious patient suddenly drew up his legs, and placing them against the doctor's stomach, kicked out and sent the doctor flying over chairs and other furniture to the opposite side of the room. The doctor was picked up unconscious, with three ribs broken, and when he recovered consciousness the young man was cold in death.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Sprains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL,

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, so there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER **CURES**

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. **Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York**

Established 1853.

KEYSTONE Slate and Soapstone Works.

SLATE MANTELS

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate and Soapstone Work on hand or made to order.

JOSEPH S. MILLER, Manufacturer.

Office and Salesroom: 1210 Ridge Avenue.
Factory: 1211 & 1213 Spring Garden St., Philada.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.

CUSTOMS AND STORIES.

WHO could believe that there was one single tribe, however silly in other respects, which should carry its folly so far as to demand that on the birth of a child the father should take to his bed while the mother attended to all the duties of the household. Yet we are told that there are few customs more widely spread than this, attested by historical evidence during nearly 2,000 years.

Marco Polo found it existing among the Chinese in the thirteenth century, and the same custom was still in practice among the modern Basques a few years ago.

This absurd custom is also described as in use among the Caribs in the West Indies. When a child is born the mother goes presently to her work, but the father takes to his hammock, and there he is visited as though he were sick, and undergoes a course of dieting which would cure of the gout the most replete of aldermen. How anyone can fast so long and not die is perfectly wonderful. For six months he eats neither birds nor fish lest the child should participate in the natural faults of the animals on which the father had fed. For instance, if the parent were to have an aldermanic taste for turtle, the child would be deaf and have no brains.

The only explanation of this mystery is to be found in the picture where a great fat nurse is depicted going upstairs with the baby in her arms, real master in the house, while the nominal owner is seen meekly getting himself out of the way. "Without exaggerating the treatment which a husband receives among ourselves," says Mr. Max Muller, "at these interesting periods, not only from mothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, and other female relatives, but from nurses—in fact, from every servant in the house—it cannot be denied that while his wife is suffering, his immunity from pain is generally remarked upon with jealous anger; and if anything goes wrong for which it is possible to blame him, he is sure to hear of it. If his boots are creaking, if his dog is barking, if the straw has not been properly laid down, does he not catch it?"

So much for some of the customs which attend man's entrance into the world, but are there not some which follow him out of it quite as fantastic? "He that hath the ashes of his friend," says Sir Thomas Brown, "hath an everlasting treasure." Savages who never seem to have thought of incineration have religiously preserved the bones of their friends. There is a custom among certain American Indians of depositing food in the graves of their friends, which drew forth the quaint remark: "The devil makes them believe that they are to live again in a kingdom which he has prepared for them, and they must take with them provisions for the journey." A story was told by an Indian missionary that when a violent-tempered old officer died, the poor natives placed brandy and cigars upon his grave to propitiate his manes.

And now, leaving old customs, we must turn to the sun and moon to get to the beginning of strange stories. We may rest certain that if we can find nothing in them it is because we have not discovered the key with which to unlock their secret.

How different do the Greek stories appear now that we know how they arose. What a charm is added to them when we perceive that they are simply a collection of sayings by which men once upon a time described whatever they saw and heard in countries where they lived. We see the lovely evening twilight die out before the coming night, but when the Greeks saw this they said the beautiful Eurydice had been stung by the serpent of darkness, and that Orpheus was gone to fetch her back from the land of the dead. We see the light which had vanished in the west re-appear in the east, but they said Eurydice was now returning to the earth.

Sometimes these myths have been condensed into proverbs, and in this form have wandered over the face of the world. The well-known proverb, "Many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," is but a modern form of a very ancient Greek verse, which points the legend of the Samian king, Ancæus. He had planted a vineyard, but a seer had warned him that he would not live to taste its fruit. The wine was made, and the king was raising the first cup to his head with a mocking laugh of scorn at the prophet, who contented himself with saying, "There is much between the edge of the cup and the lip," when word was brought that a wild boar was ravaging the royal fields. Ancæus set down the untasted goblet, seized his spear, rushed out, and was killed by the animal.

It is wonderful to see how the traces of ancient civilization break forth in transient flashes through the darkness of the middle ages.

The connection of the Northern nations, from whom the English derive their origin, with the Orientals is shown in nothing more clearly than in the belief in magic. The Goths came from the neighborhood of Colchis, the region of witchcraft, and the country of Medea, so famous for her incantations. She was the lady, as everyone knows, who cut up her old father and then boiled him—like the boy in the Zulu tale who served his grandmother a similar trick. The youth persuaded the old woman to play with him at boiling each other. The game was to begin with him, a proposal to which the old dame readily assented. But he took care to prevent the water from boiling, and after having been in the pot for some time, he insisted on the old lady fulfilling her part of the bargain. He put her in and put on the lid. "Take me out," she cried, "I am scalded to death." "No, indeed, you are not," he replied. "If you were scalded to death, you could not say so."

ESCAPE OF EMINENT MEN.

SOME years ago a young man, holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head.

Each time the pistol missed fire.

A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window; it then went off without any difficulty.

Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up exclaiming:

"I must be preserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous, had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive.

Two brothers were on one occasion walking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook him.

One was struck dead on the spot; the other was spared, else would the name of the great reformer Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into the pit of a soap boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him from a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house.

The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates and various devices were used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector.

All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps, and deposited its burden safely upon the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well-nigh quenched his insatiable ambition.

He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the siege of Leicester a young soldier about seventeen years of age was drawn out for sentinel duty.

One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place.

No objection was made, and this man went.

He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn afterwards became the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus, the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued the roof of the house where he had been fell in.

Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena; one of them peculiarly helpless. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of marvellous deliverance.

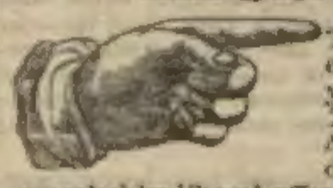
As a youth, he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized and all its occupants drowned.

On another occasion, when tide-surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality.

He went out in the boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore, a few moments sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

BREAD.—Horne Tooke says bread is "brayed wheat" or grain, from the verb to bray or pound in a mortar—the ancient way in which flour was made. The word bread was spelled differently at different times, and thus we have brede, breed, etc. Dough, says Horne Tooke, comes from the Anglo-Saxon verb "deaw-ian, to wet or moisten. Loaf comes from the Anglo-Saxon verb "hlif-ean," to raise or lift up. Thus, after the brayed grain has been wetted it becomes dough; then follows the leaven by which it becomes loaf. Leaven is derived from the French word "lever," meaning to raise.

Dinner for a tailor—Goose and cabbage.



Those of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Carlinville, Ill., June 18, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

W. BALLAR.

Girard, Ill, June 16, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

J. HANE.

Fenton, Mich., June 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

I. G. GORTON.

Wells River, Vt., June 18, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

J. F. MCGINNIS.

Pontiac, Ill., June 15, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

J. C. OWEN.

Chrisman, Ill., June 14, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

M. F. RICE.

Battle Lake, Minn., June 18, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

M. O. ALBUTSON.

Harbor Creek, Pa., June 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. M. GRANT.

Joliet, Ill., June 16, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

M. H. D. LOCKWOOD.

Castle Fin, June 14, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

C. A. ESY.

Springfield, Ill., June 17, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

N. K. RAWLINGS.

Bayton, Wash. Ter., June 15, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

M. C. CHASTAIN.

Clayton, Ala., June 15, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most magnificent expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

M. A. B. WHITE.

Parkville, Miss., June 17, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

E. V. STILLMAN.

Fuselier, La., June 13, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

N. THOMAS.

Columbia, Ky., June 17, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

M. E. SMYTHE.

Colfax, Va., June 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

ELLA HALL.

Centre Belpre, O., June 16, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

AGGIE TURNER.

ONLY A PEACH.

A little peach in an orchard grew,
A little peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing the orchard through,
The little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at the peach a club they threw;
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell the little peach of emerald hue,
Mon Dieu!

She took a bite, and John a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue,
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew,
Boo-Hoo!

But what of the peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well; its mission on earth is through,
Adieu!

—U. N. NOTE.

Facetiæ.

Biggest thing on ice—The profit.

At a Scotch pic-nic there is more kilt than wounded.

"Strike, but hear me!" is what the bell said to the tongue.

Kind words resemble the bald-headed. Both can never die.

Flats are frequently entered by sharps by means of false keys.

According to an arithmetical exchange, the proportion this year is about four liars to one trout.

Does it hurt a dog to pat him over the head? Depends on whether you do it with a feather or a club.

It must be terribly aggravating to a shark that has just bitten off a man's leg to find that it is made of cork.

"It has always been my aim in life to imitate a good example," as the counterfeiter remarked while working on a new set of dies.

Reaching out after the unreachable and intangible is when a man sits down where in mistaken confidence he believes a chair to be.

[From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*]

A LADY SAID

"Those Horrid Pimples! No, I Cannot Go. Please Present My Excuses."

Probably two-thirds of the ladies in society and homes of our land are afflicted with skin diseases of various kinds, to do away with which, if it could be done without injury, would be the happiest event of their lives. Then she would have instead of a disfigured and marred countenance, one that would be handsome, or at least good-looking, for any one with a clear, pure skin, no matter what the cut of her features are, has a certain amount of good looks which attract everybody. As it is now, she imagines every one sees and talks about "those freckles," "those horrid pimples," and other blemishes with which she is afflicted, and this is true of either sex.

To improve this appearance, great risks are taken; arsenic, mercury, or high-sound titled named articles containing these death-dealing drugs, are taken in hopes of getting rid of all these troubles. In many cases, death is the result. No alleviation of the burning, heating, itching and inflammation is given. All troubled with Eczema (salt rheum,) Tetters, Humors, Inflammation, Rough Scaly Eruptions of any kind, Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples or Tender Itchings on any part of the body, should know that there is hope for them in a sure, perfect and elegant remedy, known as "Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure." It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the best toilet dressing in the world. It is elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment. Our readers should be sure to get this and not some old remedy resuscitated on the success of Dr. Benson's and now advertised as the "The Great Skin Cure." There is only one,—it bears the Doctor's picture and is for sale by all druggists. $1 per package.

A Sensation
HAS OFTEN BEEN MADE
by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

They really do cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Paralysis and Melancholy.

Price, 50 cents per box, two for $1, six for $2.50 by mail, postage free.—Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all druggists.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

Humorous.

It is true that the emotions of sorrow and joy are closely connected. When you burst your toe with a croquet mallet there is always somebody who laughs.

A San Francisco jury has awarded a book canvasser $150 for being kicked out doors. This is a mighty bad precedent. A book agent will only need one book to carry under his arm, and a brick in his coat-tail pocket, and he will make more money than by canvassing.

Is your scalp full of dry, husky scales and little pimples? Dr. Benson's Skin Cure will cleanse your scalp and remove all scales and tenderness within six days. Try it, for it is the best headdressing ever used. $1 per package, at all druggists.

Persons with boys in the family should know that the boys have a platform, and that they always stand on it. It reads: "Scolding don't hurt; whipping don't last long; kill they dar'an't."

NERVOUS DEBILITY and weakness, "Wells' Health Renewer" is greatest remedy. Druggists, $1.

Writing on the death of an old and paid-up subscriber, the editor of one of our exchanges says: "Our hands and hearts and the foreman are all too full for us to express our tumultuous grief as we cheerfully otherwise would."

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. per bottle.

A recent visitor to Mark Twain describes once more his sluggish speech, every word being deliberately uttered, "not as though it were weighed before delivery, but rather as though it had come a great distance and was tired."

DON'T DIE in the house. Ask Druggists for Rough on Rats, mice, weasels, 15c.

"Is there such a thing as luck?" asks a correspondent. There is. For instance, if you go home at two o'clock in the morning, after promising to be in early, and find her asleep, and don't tumble over any chairs, that's luck; but it isn't to be depended on.

FOR years it has been the ambition of JAMES T. PATTERSON, the world-renowned organ manufacturer of Bridgeport, Conn., to produce at moderate cost an instrument that would be regarded by the music-loving people of the whole world as unrivaled in style, action, tone, quality, and workmanship; his ambition is now realized, and he offers to the readers of this journal through the announcement appearing in our advertising columns an opportunity to purchase a House or Chapel Organ for only $65. Remember, this organ is warranted for six years, and will be sent you, if desired, upon 15 days' test trial. The Patterson Organ is just as represented, and will be shipped without delay upon receipt of your order.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

→*ORGANS*←

27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $109.75

The Famous Beethoven Organ with a beautiful Pipe Top, Handsome Black Walnut Case, suitable *for the Parlor, Church or Sabbath School.* Shipped on one year's trial, with Organ Bench, Stool and Music, ONLY

→*$109.75*←

Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Money refunded with interest if not as represented after one year's use. Organs built on the old plan, $30, $40, $50, 8 to 11 stops. ☞ *Catalogue FREE.* Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

FREE! If you will send us the addresses of five persons of your acquaintance who are in the habit of reading novels, and would be likely to purchase such, we will send you, *free*, a copy of a charming story entitled "THE SHADOW OF A SIN," by the author of "DORA THORNE," issued complete in neat pamphlet form. Let the addresses be from as many different post-offices as possible, and do not send more than five and your own. Address, F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

---

30 Gilt-Edge Compliment Cards, with name, in elegant case, 10c. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

---

40 CARDS, All Chromo, Glass & Motto, in case, name in Gold & Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.

Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,

Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE!

"A Treatise on Chronic Diseases."

Send for this book to the undersigned, a physician of large experience, endorsed by hundreds of leading citizens who testify to his skill. Send stamp to pay postage to

C. E. LIVINGSTON, M. D., Toledo, Ohio.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $3 to $500. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING. A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 138, Chicago, Ill.

---

50 HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, *New & Artistic* designs, name on, in case 10c. Acknowledged best sold. Album of Samples 25c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven Conn.

IT PAYS to sell our Hand Printing Rubber Stamps. Circulars free. G. A. Harper & Co., Cleveland, O.

A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert jewelers fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called **Diamante Brilliants**, they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are mounted, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to *old mine diamonds of the first water.* We are sending out hundreds of these daily, and could fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

We use but two sizes of **Diamante Brilliants**—the earrings and ring, each 1-karat stone, the stud 2-karats. They are not dollar-store goods, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $15 each.

We don't sell **Diamante Brilliants**, but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are ambitious to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the first year's subscriptions; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers, our work is thrown away, and next year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our **Diamante Brilliant Premiums**, confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help us get others, but continue our patrons for many years. *The new diamonds* cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

We mean business and can't afford to mislead or misrepresent. No more suitable present could be selected for anybody.

Our Offer.—On receipt of **three dollars** we agree to send *The Saturday Evening Post* one year—52 times, and any one of the **Diamante Brilliants.**

We warrant them to be solid gold (neither rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. A club of two subscribers to *The Post*, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, free; or, for $4, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, *free.* For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. Club subscribers receive any one premium by sending $3 instead of $2. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—*If the premiums are not as represented in every particular,* return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—The *Post* is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its sixtieth year, and this offer should not be confounded with the tempting promises of irresponsible parties. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, elegantly printed, folded, cut, and bound. Its fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class family paper; has Fashion, Needlework, Fireside Chat, Answers to Inquirers, Scientific, News, and other departments, Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains twenty-six Serials, from the pens of the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short stories, and furthermore an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, also interesting to every member of the home-circle, which can be obtained nowhere else at $2 a year. The Post is the cheapest paper in existence; it has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express-office or reputable firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in stiff paper or card-board. Remittances should be made by post-office money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

The Saturday Evening Post, 726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa

PATTERSON ORGAN, Style 401 contains 4 sets REEDS, 11 useful stops, including Sub Bass, Octave Coupler, Pat. Tremolo and 2 Knee Swells (*no dummy or superfluous stops in this Organ*). Attractive Walnut Case handsomely decorated with Gold Bronze, 72 in. high, 44 in. wide, 24 in. deep. Price, with Stool and Book only $65. This being a Special Offer, no possible reduction can be made—one price to all. This Organ has splendid volume and variety of tone, combined with sweetness, and is suitable for Church, Hall, or Parlor use. When desired, we leave off the top and finish the back in Chapel style, without extra charge, which makes a neat and desirable Chapel Organ.

Some manufacturers and dealers advertise from 11 to 27 stops on an Organ containing the same number of reeds, the majority being dummies, or what are equally unimportant, REPETITION STOPS, *which add nothing to the beauty, value, or cost of the Organ.* ☞ Do not be deceived by the number of stops an Organ is said to contain. Order one of the above on 15 days' test trial, and if it is not found as represented, return it at our expense for freight both ways. Order direct from this advertisement. Remit by draft, money-order or express (money refunded if organ is not satisfactory), or if you do not wish to send cash with order, send a letter of endorsement from some bank or respectable merchant, to the effect that you are responsible, and will pay for the Organ if found as represented, and we will promptly ship you one for 15 days' trial, fully warranted 6 years. We manufacture a FINE VARIETY of PIANOS and ORGANS, and can furnish direct buyers the best instrument for the money they wish to invest of any house in the trade. Pianos, $234 and upwards. Organs, $50, $60, $75, $85, $95, $100, $110, $120, with Stool and Book. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE mailed free. Be sure and send for one. It gives information about BOGUS STOPS and false description of sets of reeds, which protects the purchaser and makes deceit impossible. Orders filled promptly. Address the manufacturer,

JAMES T. PATTERSON, Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

WHEN YOU DO YOUR SPRING SHOPPING

If you come in person,

The trains from the different branches of the Pennsylvania Railroad come to the new Broad Street Station, which is within one block of our store; you walk directly through the new City Hall to our Market Street front. If you come by Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, any horse car on Thirteenth Street will bring you directly from the Callowhill Street Depot to our door. If you come through Camden, N. J., any horse car on Market Street, except the red ones, will bring you direct. We have provided new and spacious reading and toilet rooms for the free use of visitors.

If you order by letter,

Departments of goods have been so enlarged and improved that our stock, unquestionably the most comprehensive in the United States, is better than ever. We send without charge, or any obligation to purchase, samples of the new Dress Goods, Silks, etc. We give prices of our entire stock in our new Catalogue for Spring and Summer, which is mailed free to all who send us address on postal card. Hundreds of orders are filled daily, and goods sent by mail and express to every State and Territory, with full privilege of return and refund of money if they do not suit.

John Wanamaker,

PHILADELPHIA.

Chestnut, Market and Thirteenth Streets, and City Hall Square.

Dry Goods, Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Wear and Housekeeping Appointments.

AGENTS WANTED.

VISITING CARDS.

Best Quality only, at Lowest Prices. 50 Superior Chromos with name 10c. Complete sample book for agents 25c. Established 1875. Gilbert Printing Co., Higganum, Ct.

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.

Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of **50 cents.** Do not fail to order. Also 5½x12½ Oleograph 12 for 20cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. Circ'l'r free. **CIGARS 50** S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; just worth $10 free. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

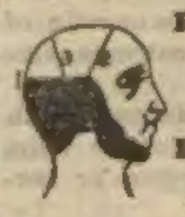
FITS A Positive Cure

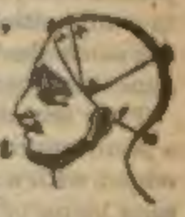
Where all other remedies fail even to benefit. Because you have been victimized by numerous quacks do not despair of now receiving a rapid and permanent cure. DR. LASCELLE, the great English specialist on this distressing disease, is acknowledged to be the only physician in the world whose treatment effects positive and radical cures. After repeated solicitations from the medical fraternity of America, the Doctor has consented to give the Epileptic sufferers of the country the benefit of his celebrated remedy. *It costs you nothing to try it, and it will surely cure you,* as a sample will be sent free, prepaid, to any sufferer who sends his name and address to Blosom & Co., Sole Agents, 4 Cedar St., New York.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, 21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $90. **Pianos** $297.50. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.





R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrate **OSSARAZ VENTILATING WIG** and **ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

YOUNG MAN OR OLD!

OPIUM HABIT EASILY CURED with DOUBLE CHLORIDE of GOLD. Essay Free. *The Morphine User*, 200 pp. $1.00. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., Dwight, Ill.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IN materials there is no doubt that the pearl of the season, for young girls' or young married ladies' toilettes, is voile with broche silk flowers, of exquisite freshness and delicacy.

It can be obtained in all colors and is largely used for evening, wedding, and very dressy driving toilettes, in this last case the dress being accompanied by a mantelet of voile trimmed with ruches of lace.

A costume for a bridesmaid at a fashionable wedding is of white voile trimmed fleecy ruches of tulle, this being fresher and younger than lace; the Louis XVI. corsage is of pale-pink armure, with a large scarf sash of broche pink flowers on white ground.

For the ceremony the corsage is high at the neck, the waistcoat being removed for evening wear, and the square-cut opening edged with a wide tulle ruche, and a wreath of roses.

Some of the leaders of fashion have been wearing toilette composed entirely of the same material, trimmed with rouleaux of plain faille to match the background or one of the colors of the flowers, as floral tissues are principally used for these dresses; white lace is also much used to trim these toilettes which are very lady-like, and relieve the eye from the constant combination of plain and figured materials.

The floral tissues also make handsome Louis XV. habits, and offer great resources for renovating rich dresses of faille or satin. The flowers on a black background make exquisite corsages for a black toilette, and are very useful for wearing on a dark day when lighter costumes are out of place; they will be worn far into the autumn.

Following up the idea of economy, the scarf panier, with long ends behind, will be found very useful, forming a mantelet, tunic and drapery in a single piece, made of black Spanish blonde for black or dark toilettes, and of cream blonde for cream or other pale colors; the addition of this scarf-panier to any toilette of course completely changes and disguises it; and is a charming addition to a black silk or satin costume.

The favorite color at present, to be succeeded by ficelle, is green; black-green, Russian-green, reseda, myrtle-green, all are worn even by brunettes, though a very short time ago green was considered as unbecoming color for them; now, however, they wear it rather than be out of the fashion.

With these green costumes, hats of green straw are worn, which in some shades can hardly be admired, unless the color is neutralised by the addition of a wreath of roses or a plume of pink feathers.

Fawn shades, closely chequered with blue of different degrees of tint, are the most prevalent in louisine silks, and make pretty graceful toilettes for races, etc., trimmed with a scarf and bows of pale-blue ribbon. Plaid woolen fabrics are very fashionable for visiting dresses, especially for young ladies of nineteen or twenty, combined with a plain skirt of chequered surah.

The skirts, either pleated or plain, are edged with a wide pinked-out ruche made of the woolen material lined with surah.

The lovely pekin moires must not be passed over, for they are extensively used in combination with plain moire or satin of the same shade, and are of extreme elegance and beauty.

They are used either as a habit-tunic with a plain moire skirt or they form the skirt edged with a ruche, the redingote or corsage being of satin or cloth.

Of this last description is a beautiful costume of myrtle-green satin, pekin moire and cloth, the plain skirt of pekin moire edged with a pinked-out ruche of green, lined with old-gold satin.

The long Polignac redingote is of green cloth with bands of old-gold satin passing from beneath the edge, as in the case of the lovites, the collar and revers being of pekin moire.

Between the open basques of the redingote behind appears the large sash bow of satin, the basque turned back with moire revers, and the hat matches with the old-gold trimming, being of yellow straw embroidered with gold and trimmed with garlands of leaves made of shaded satin and berries and balls of frosted gold.

Toilettes are rarely made of only one fabric, but they generally consist of at least two, sufficiently different one from the other; thus we see dresses of satin and pekin moire, of faille and velvet or plush, of moire and crepe de chine, etc.

These different materials are often of the same shade, but separate colors are sometimes combined, colors being chosen that blend or contrast well, such as a lovely mixture of royal-blue satin and moire imitating moonlight, the beautiful clair de lune shade, which is one of that class of lovely non-descript colors to which the new nacre tint belongs, produced by cross threads of different colored silks.

In this toilette the skirt is of moire edged with a large double ruche of dark-blue satin lined with very pale-blue satin.

The corsage is of satin with points terminating with loops of pale-blue ribbon, the puffed satin paniers joined behind beneath the puffed back drapery.

This magnificent toilette worn for drives and visits is completed by a capote of gauged blue satin embroidered with clair de lune beads, and trimmed with shaded feathers of dark-blue, pale-blue, moonlight and pale-gold.

These costumes of two or more colors are only worn by those ladies who possess a large number of dresses, walking, visiting, or driving toilettes being generally of one shade; some are exquisite, in two different materials yet matching perfectly, all the details of the toilette being strictly in harmony with the dress itself.

One beautiful costume is of violet satin and velvet, the plain skirt being of velvet edged with the usual large ruche of satin, the velvet corsage having satin paniers embroidered with violets in relief; the capote to accompany the costume is totally covered with violets, the strings being of satin, a manola of point d'Alencon forming a kind of mantilla over the flowers, and the sunshade is of satin embroidered like the paniers.

Lace is in such general request that the supply is hardly equal to the demand, lace being worn on every outside garment, on dresses and on hats.

Ladies of fashion are not content with the lovely laces with which they are familiar, point d'Alencon, Honiton, Valenciennes, Chantilly, etc., but they must have historical laces to match their antique costumes, and the historical cities throughout Europe, especially in Italy, have been thoroughly searched to find any scraps of ancient Venetian or Geneva point which have been worn by the kings and nobility of a bygone age, by the enterprising agents of our principal lace houses.

Besides these ancient laces, very beautiful, but it must be confessed very expensive laces are worn, of which the value, though not enhanced by age or by forming part of the wardrobe of some grandee is great, being almost equal to old lace in elegance and beauty.

A new style of lace is introduced this season for which a great success is anticipated; Florence lace, in spite of its beauty, is but little known, the designs resemble the patterns worked in cross-stitch upon tablecloths and napkins.

It is a very light lace and is extensively used for flounces on petticoats and dresses, and to make draperies, fichus, and mantillas.

Very elegant and rich are the newest models of lingerie, whether in caps, fichus, collars, petticoats, or matinees, especially these last, ladies of fasion having seemingly entered into a competition as to who shall wear the richest, most attractive, or coquettish lingerl.

Lovely matinees are made of light colored voile or surah with lace trimmings.

Very pretty collars are made to be worn outside the high dress collars instead of inside, as hitherto. They are of the same shape as the dress collar. They are made of mechanical embroidery over colored silk or of Venetian point lace, also over a colored under collar.

They are fastened in front by a bow of ribbon to match the lining. Some are also made of plaited cambric, or even plain linen.

In this case they are not lined, but they have a front bow all the same. The cuff must always match the collar.

Fichus are immense, when worn, especially in the front, where they take the dimensions of shawls, with the ends puffed up.

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLEWORK.

THE following useful hints on needlework are given in answer to many inquiries I have lately received, and now will be equally acceptable to all the readers of the "Fireside Chat."

Desiree.—Plush is not a good ground for very fine silk embroidery; if you wish to make the bell-pulls of plush you can use one of the designs given in this number worked with crewel silk, or a much simpler design of an open scroll pattern worked with coarse silk. Dull blue and old-gold will be good colors on a back-ground of red plush.

M. B.—Yes, moire silk is an excellent material for embroidered glove and handkerchief sachets. Choose white or some pale color, and work the embroidery also in rather pale shades. The sachets must be lined with silk or satin slightly wadded and perfumed, and edged with lace, and ruches of ribbon.

P. C. C.—Make the chair-back of four squares of etamine, or ecru canvas muslin, and embroider each width a design worked in colored cottons in several colors, and you can choose a scroll design that can be worked in different stitches, crewel, darning, cross-barred, etc., outlining the design with the darkest shade. Put guipure insertion between the squares and guipure edging round the chair-back.

Mary—Your large quantity of spare wool over from odds and ends of work, can be utilized for charitable purposes. Tie the ends of the pieces of wool together, mixing the colors as much as possible, and roll them into balls. The sailor knots should be tied firmly, and the ends closely cut, in which case they scarcely show the join. Then take a second ball of ordinary wool, or thread, and knit the two together, with wooden or bone needles, in brioche stitch, for petticoats, or, if the wool is fine, for under-vests. This work makes, too, quite a pretty covering for bereaunettes and perambulators when knitted in stripes, and joined together with crochet insertion.

Two Sisters.—Handkerchief and glove sachets are always acceptable presents, but as so many of these are made it is often difficult to find a new design. One that is really very pretty is worked on white cashmere, with a bouquet in the centre in natural colors, surrounded by a border in point Russe, and is made up with a triple ruche of white silk, tied with bows of satin and lined with quilted surah satin, perfumed of course. The embroidery is worked with filoselle silk and the sachet is not very expensive to make up.

Clergyman's Daughter.—A pretty work-basket is made of wicker-work in the shape of a waste-paper basket, lined with olive-green cashmere, and finished at the top with a bag of the same material, drawn in with ribbon.

Round the basket is a valance worked on Java canvas, with cerise silk, and the canvas is lined with satinette of the same color and edged with silk fringe to match. Each scallop of the valance is finished off with a cerise silk tassel. This is a very convenient shape for your purpose, and will hold a quantity of work cut out and neatly folded together. Can you not persuade your girl friends to give you one afternoon each week to help you with the work? Girls of fourteen or fifteen are generally very willing to be made useful in this manner.

Buttercups.—There is absolutely no sale for the kinds of work you mention, and if you wish to make your work remunerative you must learn every new variety of needlework as it arises, or abide by plain sewing, for which you can obtain orders from your friends.

It is a great mistake to continue doing for which there is no demand; you will simply have an accumulation of valueless fancy work that you will be quite unable to get rid of, and that will simply be a loss of the money spent on the materials, and of time which might have been more profitably employed. Whatever new work you intend to adopt, see that you learn it thoroughly; good work can almost always be disposed of, but do not follow the common and very mistaken plan of charging your friends fancy prices; they will soon grow tired of this, and your orders will fall off. Be content with ordinary shop prices, and remember that you have none of the expenses of a shop.

Ruby.—For carrying shawls, waterproof cloaks, and all the numerous wraps required when travelling on the continent, a large bag in the shape of a sachet is most useful and inexpensive. Take a piece of grey linen color, 2¼ yards long and 27 inches broad; bind it all round with braid, doubling in the two ends to form pockets about 18 inches in depth. Sew together at the edges, as in a sachet; an ordinary leather strap is the only fastening required. You will find it a great convenience to have all your wraps kept together in this way free from dust and damp.

M. C.—There is no real difficulty in knitting the heel of a stocking, as you will find if you follow closely these instructions: When the stocking is of sufficient length, divide the stitches on to three of the knitting needles. Put one half of the stocking on one needle, with the seam-stitch in the centre, and divide the other half equally on other two needles. For instance, if there be sixty-one stitches on the round, place fifteen on each side of the seam-stitch—in all thirty-one on one needle, and fifteen upon each of the other two: these are left till the heel is done. Knit the heel backwards and forwards, one plain and one purl row alternately, keeping the seam-stitch, and slipping the first stitch of every row. Work in this way until a sufficient length is done, which will depend on the size of the stocking. For the top, or decreased part of the heel, knit to four stitches beyond the seam-stitch, knit two together, knit one; turn, and work backwards; purl until you get to four beyond the seam-stitch, purl two together, purl one, turn. Knit until you come to the stitch in the previous row where you turned; you will easily know it by the little opening that was formed by the turning; knit two together, knit one, then turn. Purl the next row, always remembering to purl two together at the opening, and so on until you have gradually worked off the stitches. Then pick up the stitches on this side of the heel; knit round to the other side, and pick up the stitches there, continue knitting the foot.

Correspondence.

W. H. G., (Pensacola, Fla.)—You can address the agency in this city.

R. S. J., (Washington, D. C.)—Frederick the Great, of Prussia, and the great surgeon, John Hunter, only slept 6 or 8 hours a day. Quin, the celebrated actor, sometimes slept twenty-four hours successively.

WALTER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—1. There is no difference in the days of the week in respect to being lucky and unlucky. Get married on the day of the week that best suits the convenience of yourself and bride. 2. Walter means a conqueror; Sarah, a princess.

SISTER, (Baltimore, Md.)—Unless the lady is a very strong advocate of women's, the name on the card should be Mrs. Charles M. B. This is the usual custom, and it is a very sensible one, as it serves to identify the owner of the card better than her own name would.

G. W., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Josiah Wedgewood, the famous English potter, found his earliest patroness in Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III., and in her honor, and by her expressed permission, he called his celebrated cream-colored pottery "Queensware." That is the derivation of "Queensware."

WATTS, (Trenton, N. J.)—You are not too old to learn to speak the language, but you cannot very well learn to do so without a teacher. You can learn to read it from text books. There are dozens of elementary books on the German language, the names of which you can learn on inquiry at the booksellers.

GOUGH, (Port Norris, N. J.)—The mothers of Enoch and Enos were the wives of Cain and Seth, the sons of Adam and Eve. Their names are not mentioned in the Bible. From the nature of the case we infer that they were of the family of Adam and Eve, and the exceptional circumstances in which they were placed made a marriage proper, which afterwards was forbidden.

H. B. M., (Lancaster, Pa.)—Hobbism is the name given to the principles of Thomas Hobbes, a noted English philosopher of the seventeenth century. He believed in an absolute monarchy, to which should be given supreme control over everything connected with law, morals, and religion. Some of his disciples assumed that his doctrines taught that a monarch's opinion is the test of true religion and true morality. The monarchs and their partisans especially maintained this view, but the liberals denied that Hobbes could be truthfully charged with having taught such a doctrine. Many of the clergy opposed the doctrine on the ground that the Church and her ministers could alone decide upon religious and moral questions. The doctrine has become obsolete in all free countries.

Z. Z. Z., (Philadelphia, Pa.) writes: "I have been acquainted with a young lady for about two years. I love her, and I think she loves me. I am eighteen years of age, she is sixteen. Do you think we are too young to form an engagement—also are we old enough to have a correspondence carried on in letters?" The foregoing is rather a responsible question for us to answer. There can be no harm in the close friendship at the age, but it is rather too young to form a serious engagement. We presume you have the consent of the young lady's parents to your visits: if so, the number of visits you pay in a week is immaterial. Conducted with propriety, the acquaintance of a respectable young lady is of advantage to a young man, and contributes to the formation of a steadiness of character that bears good fruit in the future. 2. You are much above the average height for your age. 3. Consult a medical man. 4. Your writing is bold and legible and good enough for any commercial purpose. 5. Let nature have her way, and your moustache will come in time. 6. The young lady first.

TIMOTHY T., (Scott, Tenn.)—To say that the French in modern times set up the idol of a woman and worshipped her, is not strictly true. The Goddess of Reason of the Revolution was a personification of those intellectual powers which distinguish man from the rest of the animal creation. These human powers were deified in 1793 by the French Revolutionists, and substituted as an object of worship for the Divine Beings of the Christian faith. It was decreed that the Church of Notre Dame, in Paris, should be converted into a Temple of Reason; and a festival was instituted for the first day of each ten days, to supersede the religious ceremonies of Sunday. The first festival of the kind was held with great pomp on the 10th of November, 1793. An exceedingly beautiful woman represented the Goddess of Reason. She was elegantly attired, and her head was covered with the cap of liberty. She sat upon an antique seat, entwined with ivy, and borne by four citizens. Lovely young girls, dressed in white and crowned with roses, preceded and followed her. The services of the occasion consisted of speeches, processions and patriotic hymns. Paris is reported to have gone wild over the affair, and those who initiated the "reign of reason," as it was called, imagined that they had established a new order of things which would last forever. But the enthusiasm soon died out, and after a while the Church of Notre Dame went back into the control of its owners, and was again used for the religious purposes for which it was built.

F. D. P., (Sedalia, Mo.)—"In which century," asks this correspondent, "did the people live to the greatest age—in the fifteenth or the nineteenth? This is to be applied to the whole world." Why, the nineteenth, to be sure. Take England, for instance, our mother country. Notwithstanding their hard work, they have increased the benefits of life so much, that men live on the average at least ten years longer than he did four hundred years ago. Even in Henry the Eighth's time people grew old suddenly, eaten up by scurvy, bad drainage, cold, and skin diseases. The kings died of anxiety when not killed; the noblemen dropped off, on the scaffold or the field of battle; the scholars, a prey to an ignorant government, perished through superstition and fear. Raleigh was very old for his time in James I.'s time, when slain. Age, with his icy finger, early touched Queen Elizabeth; her opponent, Mary, Queen of Scots, was old and grey at forty. Shakspeare dropped at fifty-two. And while the leaders died, the commonalty died of rot, fevers, black death, and a thousand other maladies. Bad food made them yellow, bad government made them black. Such were the good old times, as they are frequently called. When we consider that few people could afford wholesome wheaten bread or meat, or proper clothing, that glass was not very common, drainage unknown, cookery a barbarism, not an art, (it ought to be a chemical art, well understood,) and that clever doctors did not exist, we may well believe that which statistics prove, namely, that in 1868 men and women live on an average ten or at least seven years longer than they did in 1468.